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A Quick Reply to a Mother's Prayer.

An officer of the Salvation Army stationed in the North of England tells a remarkable story concerning a soldier's faith in God for the salvation of her son. He had been the prodigal of the family, and was a continual source of anxiety. His mother never ceased to pray for his salvation. One Sunday night in the prayer-meeting she was much exercised about her boy's salvation; and although he was not then in the meeting, she commenced to wrestle with God in prayer for his conversion, and asked God to take hold of him wherever he might be at that moment. Tears were coursing down her cheeks as she prayed. Those who heard her will never forget the scene, nor that which followed. Whilst she was yet praying, her son came into the meeting, and walked deliberately out to the penitent-form. The strange part of it was that the Salvationists were more demonstrative about his arrival than the mother, for when they stopped her in her prayer to tell her it was answered, she simply said, 'I knew he would get saved to-night.'—'Christian Herald.'

A Springtime Secret.

(Marian Isabelle Hurrell, in 'Our Little Dots.')

The merry song-birds twittered in the soft sweet springtide air,
The flowers were nodding gaily, there was gladness everywhere.
And happy lads and lasses in the grassy meadows played
With buttercups and daisies 'mid the pleasant, leafy shade.

'Chirp, chirp!' a birdie carolled to a feathered comrade near.
'I have a little secret I would whisper to you, dear.'
'Tweet, tweet!' and 'Twitter, twitter!' came the answer low and sweet;
'Please tell me all about it, I should love to know—Tweet, tweet!'

Then softly chirped the little bird, high in the tree-top's shade,
'It is about a downy nest, where three small eggs are laid,
I'm half afraid to breathe it, lest some naughty boy should hear,
And rob my cosy little home of all I hold most dear.'

Then came a burst of music from two little feathered throats,
The air was full of melody—of glad and tuneful notes.
'Chirp, chirp!—you'll keep my secret?' trilled the one, in carol sweet;
Whilst the other answered gaily, 'You may trust me, dear—Tweet, tweet!'

Prayer for Israel.

TEN DAYS OF PRAYER, MAY 1-10, 1902.

[We have been requested to publish the following notes by Thos. M. Chalmers, supt. Messiah Mission to Israel, 247 South Centre Avenue, Chicago.]

When God wants a thing done he first sets men to praying. This is ever the order of progress in the Divine Kingdom. Moses prayed, and the sons of Amalek were defeated. Samuel prayed, and the Philistines fled in discomfiture. Jehoshaphat prayed, and the hosts of Ammon and Moab were overthrown. Luther prayed, and province after province was lost to Rome. Wilberforce prayed, and the shackles fell from 800,000 slaves.; Each new step in the missionary march of God has followed on the earnest supplication of his believing people. Back of the great missionary movement of modern times were the praying circles of Britain and America. When God would plant a mission station among the Jews of Budapest he led a Catholic Archduchess of Austria and a Scotch Presbyterian to prayer. In all the Jewish and Christian centuries the story is the same. An omnipotent God has waited for the pleadings of his people, and his hand moving in the affairs of men has shown the prevalency of their petitions.

Many earnest Christians believe that a new crisis confronts the Church of Christ in America. God is summoning the Church to the evangelization of the Jews. What are the elements of this crisis? What are the signs of this call?

The facts that constitute a present crisis in the Church's relation to Israel are various and manifold.

The Church, unlike Samuel, is forgetting to pray for the Jews. Samuel said to the Israelites, 'God forbid that I should sin against the Lord in ceasing to pray for you.' Forty to sixty years ago prayer for the Jews was a frequent thing in the pulpits and at the firesides of our Christian communities. Now one seldom hears a prayer for the covenant people.

God has given the Church in America a marvellous opportunity. When she prayed her opportunity was limited. In 1840 there were but 15,000 Jews in the United States—now they number almost 1,200,000. They have multiplied nearly eighty-fold in two short generations. The increase since 1880 has been over 900,000. More than 60,000 Jews landed here in 1900. God has brought them to our doors. They have been transferred from the midst of a dead ecclesiasticism into contact with the most vital form of Christianity. Truly some great purpose lies in this fact. Just as the Jews are organizing a return to Palestine, enough of them to form a nation are suddenly removed four or five thousand miles further away from the promised land. No movement of such magnitude has occurred among them since the fall of Jerusalem.

A growing infidelity accentuates the crisis. Reform Judaism is but another name for unbelief in the Word of God. The rabbis of reform, polished and cultured, are spreading all over our land the baleful teachings of modern rationalism. Thousands of young men, breaking away from the old trammels, are following the lead of these false teachers. Infidel works form the staple reading for many of these bright minds. The result will soon appal the world. Jewish immorality, almost unheard of in Eastern Europe, is a growing evil in our Jewish centres. If not counteracted by the gospel Jewish irreligion and vice will mightily aid the forces of ungodliness in corruptng our national life. One of the spiritual leaders of Germany has declared that the fatherland is threatened with dechristianization by means of Jewish infidelity. The safety of society demands the instant evangelization of the Jew.

Apparent failure in Jewish mission work in our land marks the acuteness of the crisis. One after another of the great denominations has given up Gospel work among the Jews. They seem unable to conduct such missions with success. But it may be the failure lies with the Church rather than with the field. The work of Jewish evangelization is one of peculiar difficulty and requires the fulfilment of special conditions for success. Have the Churches met these conditions? Have they studied the field in the light of God's Word? Perhaps God has been testing the churches of America with reference to the Jew. In Europe much success has attended Jewish missions. Perhaps a like expenditure of time, money, labor and prayer would bring a like glorious fruitage here. Our American impatience for immediate fruit in this hardest of all fields may be our condemnation in the sight of God.

By what voices is God now calling his Church to prayer for Israel? Each fact mentioned above speaks with trumpet tone, summoning us to humiliation and supplication, but in addition, note the following:

The voice of command and promise. Thus saith the Lord: 'Sing with gladness for Jacob, and shout among the chief of the nations; publish ye, praise ye, and say, O Lord, save thy people, the remnant of Israel.'—Jer. xxxi., 7. How many of us are saying that? In Ps. cxxii., 6, we have command and promise united in a beautiful way for our encouragement: 'Pray for the peace of Jerusalem; they shall prosper that love thee.' We refer also to Isaiah xlv., 11; lxii.,

6, 7, and the example of Paul, Romans x., 1.

The fruitful character of the Jewish mission field where properly cultivated. Much fruit has been gathered in the last hundred years, though not all as the direct result of the mission. According to the 'Jewish Year Book' the number of Jews throughout the world is 11,245,000. In the nineteenth century 72,000 Jews accepted Protestant baptism, not to mention the 132,000 baptized into the Greek and Roman Catholic Churches. This is one Protestant convert to every 156 of the present Jewish population. The number of baptized converts among the heathen and Moslems in the same period was 2,000,000, or one to every 525 of the present heathen and Moslem population. The same degree of success among heathen and Moslems as among Jews would have shown 7,000,000 of converts, instead of 2,000,000. Three times as many Jewish converts enter the gospel ministry as of converts from among the heathen. A careful comparison of facts shows that no mission field of modern times has been so fruitful as the Jewish.

The great need of men and money. Rabinowitz, the noted Jewish-Christian lawyer; visiting America in 1893 wrote, 'The thirty-five days I spent in America were very sad and bitter days to me. . . . There I saw the sheep wandering through all the mountains and upon every high hill—yea, they are scattered upon all the face of the earth and none did search or seek after them! Ezek. xxxiv., 6. Oh, Jesus my Saviour and King! where are thy messengers? where are thy preachers? command them to come and seek the lost ones in America!' There is a great cry for workers—for men and women filled with the Christ-love and having the true hunger for souls, who can wait with a patience like God's and trust him through years of darkness.

Money also is greatly needed. Large givers are desired, who can make possible a new era of aggressive effort proportionate to the greatly increased need. While Jews are lavishing tens of thousands on synagogue and temple to maintain a religion which their own leaders declare is dying, and to scatter abroad their infidel poison, should not Christians dedicate their wealth to win so princely a people to the vital and vitalizing truths of Christianity?

God's choice of Israel to become a nation of missionaries is a call to prayer fairly electric with a divine energy. Whatever the future may enfold this much at least is evident from Scripture, that God purposes using the Jews in a large way in bringing the world to Christ. Isaiah foresaw this purpose, xxvii., 6; 'Israel shall blossom and bud, and fill the face of the world with fruit.' Paul asks with enthusiasm, 'If the casting away of them be the reconciling of the world, what shall the receiving of them be but life from the dead?' 'To the Jew first,' reveals the divine strategy of missions, not only in the first century but in all centuries. If the Jew is the centre of the divine purposes, then his evangelization ought to be the supreme object of Christian effort. The Jew is the key of the world's missionary campaign. Here is the citadel of all opposition to God. A German writer says, 'In unbelief, as in belief, the Jews are the leaders of mankind.' No other missionary enterprise is so urgent as this. Prof. Franz Delitzsch said, 'For the Church to evangelize the world without thinking of the Jew is like a bird trying to fly with one wing broken.' Israel's relation to the kingdom of God is a trumpet call to prayer.

This is the crisis and this the call. In view of the mass of dying Jewish humanity all about us we issue this appeal to prayer. We lovingly yet earnestly ask Christians all over America to unite in humble petitions to God for Israel during the remainder of the current year, and especially that they devote the first ten days of the coming May to this purpose. We suggest that prayer be offered in private, in the services of the churches, and wherever circles of God's remembrancers (Isaiah lxii, 6, 7) may be able to meet. We invite pastors to preach on Israel's need and the Church's obligations on Sabbath, May 4th, and urge on their people the duty of love and prayer for Israel. If the Christians of America will devote these ten days to earnest prayer and fasting, who can tell what waves of blessing may overspread the Church and extend even to the poor sons of Jacob?

The Last of a Noted Family.

On Friday, Feb. 4, there died at his home at Huntley, a few miles from Alberton, P.E.I., in the 84th year of his age, John Gordon, Esquire, leaving a family of three sons and three daughters. Deceased was the second eldest in a family of nine; two of them sleep in far away Erromanga and the others in the village cemetery near their former homes. Mrs. Gordon, who survives her husband, is a daughter of the late James T. Campbell, of Park Corner, in Queen's County. Early in life Mr. Gordon was appointed a commissioner in the small debt court, and over forty years ago he and the late Stanislas Perry were wont to occupy the seat of justice at Alberta. For many years deceased was an elder in the Presbyterian church, as were also his father and brother Robert. Mr. Gordon was a man of sterling integrity, and led a devout consistent life. He served well his generation, and his name will not soon be forgotten in the community where for over half a century he was a prominent man.

It may be in place here to give a brief notice of the Huntley Gordons and their first settlement in the Province. The name is one of the most illustrious in the annals of Scotland, and those bearing it were for the most part distinguished for patriotism and moral worth.

Robert Gordon, the grandfather of the deceased, was a native of Inverness, Scotland, and was born about the year 1750. Prompted by the martial instincts of his clan, he in early life joined the British army and in 1774 came to America as an officer in that world-renowned regiment, the 42nd Highlanders, just as the Revolutionary war was appearing on the horizon. In 1782 at the close of that terrible struggle he secured his discharge, returned to Scotland and before very long was united in marriage to Elizabeth McAulay, of Nairn, a town not far from Inverness. In due time a son was born, who in after years became the progenitor of the family under review. Robert Gordon was entitled to 300 acres of land in British America in consideration of military service, so taking his wife and child (then less than a year old) he returned to the new world, landing at Shelburne, Nova Scotia. After remaining there over a year he crossed to Prince Edward Island, where he resolved to drive down his tent pins. Our Province at that time had few roads, travelling was done mostly on foot, along shores and through forests. While returning from Charlottetown where he had been to secure the deed of his property, he fell through the ice off Covehead and was drowned. Shortly after the unfortunate accident a second son was born, who was called Robert, after his lamented father. The eldest was named John. Without attempting to describe the young widow's privations and trials in a strange land and new country, I pass on. The heroine, for such she was truly, succeeded not only in bringing up her two boys, but in giving them an education sufficient for the duties of life. The eldest on arriving at manhood settled on land between Kildare River and Alberton, naming the place Huntley, after the ancestral home of the Gordons in Scotland. His wife's name was Mary Ramsay, who must have been a woman of unusual excellence. As already stated, the family consisted of six sons and three daughters. Robert, the eldest, was a man of superior mind and fine literary tastes, and he made frequent contributions to the newspaper press of his day. He was a magistrate, an elder in the church of his fathers and was active in all forms of Christian work. He died in 1875 at the comparatively early age of 59 years. George Nicol Gordon was born in 1822, studied for the ministry, was ordained and in 1856 left home for missionary work in the New Hebrides; after laboring in Erromanga with much zeal and success he was, on May 20, 1861, cut down by treacherous savages. A younger brother, James, followed and met a similar fate on the same Island some years later. But the story of these noted men is familar to most of your readers; I therefore omit giving details. Death was a frequent visitor to the home of this excellent family; an unmarried daughter was called away in the bloom of youth, and a son named Archibald was accidentally killed in 1862 when 37 years of age; the father followed in a few years. Notwithstanding the difficulties in the way of acquiring an education sixty or seventy years ago, to the credit of John Gordon and his excellent partner, every member of the family received what in their day was considered a good education.

On arriving at manhood, Robert Gordon settled at Cascumpec and raised a family, of ten sons and one daughter, several of whom are yet living.

Post Office Crusade.

LETTERS FROM INDIA.

The following sums have been generously sent to our office with requests that the 'Messenger' shall be forwarded to children in India. We publish a letter that accompanied one of the remittances. We also add a letter received from India showing how much the missionaries and others appreciate the literature which the 'Messenger' readers are so kindly forwarding.

Subscriber, Owen Sound..	$1 00
J. Gibson, Mossley..	1 24
A Friend, Edmonton	1 00
Mrs. Potts, Meyersburg..	1 45

(J. C. Kelly, Nelson, N.H., kindly sends 'Northern Messenger' to a lumber camp, where it will be equally appreciated.)

Edmonton, March 3, 1902.

Dear Sir,—I was just reading that little story in the 'Northern Messenger' on the postal crusade, and enclosed you will find one dollar. Please send your valuable paper to one of those little Indian children who have nothing like the opportunities that we have in this Christian country. They will find something helpful in your paper, both for the young and the old. May God bless the reading of the 'Messenger,' and may its subscription grow larger and larger every year, for it is a grand paper. I remain, yours sincerely, A FRIEND.

Holmwood, Coonoor, S. India,
March 6, 1902.

Dear 'Messenger,'—It was with great satisfaction I last 'home mail day' received from the postman a big armful of papers from our faithful friend, Mrs. Cole. On examination there proved to be a splendid assortment of the 'Messenger,' 'British Workman,' 'Ram's Horn,' and a few copies of the 'Youth's Companion.' The last mentioned went to a dear little boy who has spent three weary months in hospital here. The 'Ram's Horn' is welcomed by the soldiers, who have the use of it in a Soldiers' Home near by, and then pass it on to invalid comrades in hospital. We are so glad and grateful to have this wholesome, light-giving literature to distribute by the way. Some of it goes to my Sunday school class, some to the soldiers as mentioned, some to a centre for Christian work among railway men at the foot of our mountain, some out to the lonely tea estates, and some is given away in the humble homes of our little town. There is not a single children's or young people's paper or magazine published in English in all India. The English-speaking families with whom we have to do are not in touch with any European country and so this wealth of good reading was to them non-existent till it began to reach them through the P. O. Crusade. Just now an effort is being made to launch a monthly S. S. paper, which, if assured, will be a great boon. Our India S. S. Union was organized a few years ago, the first general secretary, the late beloved Dr. Phillips, being supported by the pennies of English S. S. children. This association has greatly stimulated S. S. work both among English-speaking and native people. Lesson helps are prepared by missionaries in the various vernacular, a system of examinations and prize giving has been instituted and S. S. work generally forwarded immensely. So we are moving on and you, dear 'Messenger,' are becoming a well-known and very welcome factor in the good work here.

M. B. McLAURIN.

P.S.—The 'India Christian Endeavor,' now in its second year, should be mentioned also. It is addressed almost exclusively to the leaders in the work and not to children.

Your Own Paper Free.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscription extended one year, free of charge, by remitting sixty cents for two new subscriptions.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Against Odds.

By Frank H. Sweet, in 'Wellspring.')

'Clams and mussels! Clams and mussels!'

The cry began at the upper end of the village, and was repeated at frequent intervals until the two boys found themselves among the saloons and rickety tenements of the lower part of the town. By this time their stock was nearly exhausted. A few more cries, and a few more visits to kitchen doors, and their pails were emptied. Then they looked at each other with beaming faces

'Splendid luck!' whispered the one with the large wooden buckets; and the little fellow who carried the quart measure and a tin pail nodded and laughed gleefully.

The woman who had bought the last pint of clams watched them compassionately, as they descended the crooked flight of steps which led to her upstairs tenement.

'It's a shame,' she muttered, 'a burnin' shame that them two young uns is 'lowed to go so! Old Wilson ought to be shet up. The idee!'

Whatever the 'idee might be, it was emphasized by the violent slamming of her door.

When the boys reached the sidewalk, they looked at each other questioningly.

'Where you goin', now?' asked the little fellow; 'to the store?'

'N—no; s'pose we go down behind the bushes, next the river, an' count our money. Maybe there'll be enough to buy her some shoes.'

From the doorway of a saloon opposite, a slouching figure was watching them, curiously. But in their eagerness the boys failed to notice him. As they turned down a narrow lane which led to the river, the figure lurched from the door and staggered after them.

Reaching the bushes, the boys looked about carefully to see if anyone were in sight; then the one with the wooden buckets emptied his pockets into the brimless straw hat which the little fellow held for him.

'A dollar an' fifty-three cents,' he said, slowly, as the last coin tinkled upon the heap. 'I don't suppose that'll be enough to buy shoes an' stockin's both.'

'Shoes cost an awful sight,'acquiesced the little fellow; 'but maybe we can find some cheap ones.'

'We've got to git somethin',' said his brother, decidedly. 'It's gittin' cold, and ma's beginnin' to feel her rheumatiz.—She's been barefoot all summer; but she can't go that way in the winter, 'cause she ain't well. Maybe we can find some kind of slipper shoes that don't cost much.'

'How s'prised she'll be!' cried the little fellow, gleefully. 'Shoes an' stockin's both. She didn't have no stockin's at all last winter—nothin' but shoes.' Then a wistful expression crept into the pinched little face. 'Say, Tom, don't you wish you an' me could have shoes?'

The sound of unsteady footsteps coming down the lane caused them to thrust the money quickly into their pockets.

'Hullo! Tom—Jim, where be ye?' called an angry voice. 'Come out an' show yourselves! It ain't no time for foolin'.'

The boys stepped reluctantly from the bushes.

'Now hand over that money—quick!' as Tom moved back almost imperceptibly. 'I know ye've got it, for I seen the old woman pay ye. Come hand it over!'

'But, pa,' expostulated Tom, eagerly, 'we're goin' to git ma some shoes and stockin's. She's beginnin' to feel her rheumatiz.'

The drunken man's face became livid. 'D'ye hear what I said?' he demanded, fiercely. 'Fork that money over, or I'll—I'll—you know me!'

Tom slowly drew a handful of small coins from his pocket and placed them in the unsteady hand.

'I wish you'd let me keep part of 'em,' he said, wistfully. 'It's gittin' owful cold for folks to go barefoot.'

'Is this all ye've got?'

The boy was silent.

'Is—this—all—ye've got?' The voice rose into an angry snarl.

'Jim has the rest.'

'Give it to me!' fiercely.

Jim gave him the money, and as he saw the coins disappear in his father's pocket, he threw himself upon the ground with a sharp cry.

The man spurned him contemptuously with his foot. 'Git up, ye baby,' he snarled, 'an' be thankful I let ye off so easy.'

But the little fellow buried his face in the grass and continued to sob bitterly. The man gazed at him moodily for a few moments, and then turned away and went staggering up the lane. Tom watched the reeling figure until it disappeared round the corner.

'Come,Jimmy,' he said, at last; 'you may's well git up. 'Tain't no use frettin'. We might have knowed how 'twould come out. Things always end this way with us.'

A DOLLAR AND FIFTY-THREE CENTS, HE SAID, SLOWLY.

Jim rose slowly to his feet and began to dry his eyes with his ragged jacket.

'If we'd kept some of the money hid an' not told him,' he ventured, doubtfully, 'mebbe we'd 'a' saved it.'

Tom turned on him, sharply. 'If we'd done that we'd 'a' had to lie about it,' he said, sharply; 'an' you know ma wouldn't like that. Come, let's be goin'.'

His face had grown hard, and there was a defiant look in his eyes.

'We'll go up the river past the fact'ries,' he said, 'an' then cut through the fields. I don't care to go back by the rum shops.'

Jim nodded gloomily and picked up the

quart measure and tin pail. Tom was already pushing his way through the bushes to the path along the river.

A thick bank of fog, which had been creeping from the coast, now began to envelop them in its damp folds. The boys could feel its chill as soon as it reached them. Jim's ragged jacket was destitute of buttons, but he always carried a supply of pins in one of his sleeves. These made good substitutes. Tom did not own a jacket, so he trudged stolidly on.

Up the river they went, past the great factories whose outlines appeared as dim shadows in the fog, along the canal where the water flowed, swift and silent, and then across the fields and through the woods and thickets where every leaf and twig sagged with the weight of the moisture which the fog had left.

The boys said little as they trudged drearily along. They were wet, cold, and discouraged. Neither of them had had anything to eat since long before daylight. At last Tom stopped abruptly.

'S'pose you could go home and carry the pails? he asked. ''Tain't over a mile.'

'Of course,' answered Jim, promptly. 'But what for? Where you goin'?'

'I'm goin' away,' replied Tom, harshly. 'I can't stand it any longer. I'd 'a' gone 'fore now if it hadn't been for you an' ma.' Then, seeing the pinched face grow suddenly white, he added, more kindly: 'There ain't no use for me to stay. If you an' me stayed on the flats we'd never know nothin'. It's too far off for schoolin', and' pa'll never help us to be anybody. There ain't no two ways 'bout that. I can stand by ma best by gettin' to do somethin' outside.'

Jim regarded him gravely for a few moments. 'I s'pose you're right,' he said, at length; 'but I sort o' hate to leave ma.'

'Why, you can't go!' hastily; 'you're too little. You ain't but 'leven an' I'm goin' on fourteen. Besides, we can't both of us leave ma; she'd be too lonesome.' Then, lowering his voice; he continued, confidentially: 'You must tell ma, by herself, that I'm not goin' far. But she'd better not tell pa. I s'pect I shall git a job in a fact'ry or somewhere, an' be makin' money. Maybe I can git ma some shoes an' things 'fore it's very cold. Then there's the night schools we've heard tell about. Maybe I can go to them. I'd hate to grow up a fool.'

Jim looked at him, irresolutely. 'If we could only both go!' he sighed.

'If we did there wouldn't be anyone to look afer ma, an' she'd be awful lonesome.'

The little felow's face began to clear at this thought, and he drew himself up to his full height. 'I suppose I had ought to stay an' look out for her,' he said, meditatively; 'but when I git big you'll be sure an' come back to stay, so I can go off—won't you, Tom?'

Tom promised, and a moment later disappeared in the fog. Jim gazed after him until the last sound of his footsteps had died away in the distance, then he picked up the pails and vanished in the opposite direction.

The next day found Tom sorting waste in the carding room of one of the great factories. There had been little difficulty in getting work. Cotton factories have an inordinate appetite for boys, and ten minutes after he had applied for a job, Tom was seated on an empty bobbin box in front of a great pile of waste. The work was hard and dirty and the nours were long, but the boy gave such matters little thought. He was at work and earning money, and for the first few days he was almost happy.

But as the weeks went by he grew less satisfied with his position. Who was doing his work at home, now? Who cut wood and brought water from the far-away spring? Who caught fish and dug clams and gathered mussels? Who watched over the sad-eyed, weary mother and kept her from doing hard work? Jim was willing, but could such a weak little fellow do it all? Tom knew that he could not, and gradually a troubled, uneasy expression came into his eyes.

He was attending the night school now, but somehow it did not give him the satisfaction he had anticipated. Over and over he told himself that he was doing the only thing possible, that he was doing it as much for their sake as for his own, that if he went back to the flats, there would be no future for any of them. But it was of no

'Ma'! he suddenly exclaimed; 'you are still barefoot.'

use. Visions of his mother moving wearily about the lonely cabin, and of little Jim doing work that was too hard for his frail body, made him more and more dissatisfied with himself.

At last he went to the overseer and gave up his job. 'I'm goin' home an' help do the work,' he said, in explanation. 'You see, my mother ain't strong, an' Jim's too little to do much. I hadn't ought to 'a' left. But I've saved up money enough to buy some shoes and things for ma, and I've got some school-books. Now, I'm goin' back an' work an' study till I git big an' strong enough to make a reg'lar good home for 'em.'

His step was light as he went down a side street to his garret in a rickety tenement near the river. He had been unwilling to spare money for board, and so had obtained this bare room for a dollar a month, and had 'found' himself by catching fish in the evenings and by purchasing a few—a very few—absolute necessities at a cheap grocery. There was nothing of his in the attic, but he owed fifty cents for two weeks in a second month. After this was paid, he hurried up the path by the mills and canal, and then out across the fields and through the woods towards his home on the flats.

He had not heard from that home for six weeks, and he wondered what little Jim would be doing, and if his mother's cold was any better. As he thought of the patient, cheerful mother, his hand went exultantly into his pocket to the little roll of silver which represented his six weeks' labor and his six weeks' economy.

A slight fog was rolling in from the water, but it was not so thick but that he could distinguish objects several rods away. As he approached the house he saw Jim staggering up from the beach with a big load of driftwood upon his shoulders. This was thrown down beside the chopping block in front of the door, and the little fellow was turning away for more when he caught sight of Tom. For a moment he stood transfixed; then a look of delight flashed into his face.

'O Tom! O Tom!' he exclaimed, as he sprang forward. I'm awful glad to see you!' Then, in an awed whisper, 'Have you heard?'

'Heard? No. What?'

''Bout pa. He's 'most died. That night you left he fell off'n a bridge an' broke his leg, an' he lay there all night an' 'most froze, an'—an' the doctor says he musn't drink another drop—not for his life.' He glanced about hastily to see that no one was within hearing. 'Ma's jest kept with him constant, an' I've done the chorin' and' housework.'

'It must have been pretty hard for you,' said Tom, contritely. 'But how's ma?'

'Well, there has been considerable to do since you left,' acknowledged Jim, philosophically; 'an' ma, she's 'bout the same. There she comes now.'

'O Tommy, Tommy!' The big, fourteen-year-old boy tried in vain to choke back the sobs, as he felt himself folded in the quick, warm embrace of his mother. Then they stood back and gazed at each other.

'You look peaked, Tommy; have you been workin' pretty hard?'

'Yes'm, consider'ble. But 'twon't hurt me.' He raised his eyes to her face, curiously. Her cheeks were flushed, and a bright, glad look was in her eyes. What did it mean? Had she missed him so much?

She smiled, as though divining his thoughts.

'It is more than that, Tommy,' she said. 'God does everything for the best. I believe he is planning better things for us. But come and see your father.'

A lump rose in Tom's throat. See his father? Why, his whole life had been spent in trying to avoid him. What did it all mean? But he followed her, wonderingly.

'O ma!' he suddenly exclaimed, 'you are still barefoot. Here!' and thrusting his hand into his pocket, he drew out the silver which he had momentarily forgotten. 'You must buy some shoes with this, an'—an' some shawls an' things.'

'You dear boy!' a sudden ring of gladness in her voice; 'now we can get the medicines an' nourishin' things your pa needs.'

'But your shoes, ma!' expostulated Tom

'Never mind the shoes,' she returned, joyously; we must get your pa strong, first. God is very good to us.'

Tom scowled rebelliously, but after a talk with his father, he was as eager and hopeful as she. For that long night under the bridge, when he became sobered by the excruciating pain of his broken limb, and with the danger of freezing perilously near, had brought the man to realize his positon as he had never realized it before. In the darkness and stillness, for the first time in his life, perhaps, he had felt the nearness of God, and had shuddered to himself. In answer to his almost hopeless cry had come the help which never fails.

Tom was almost too happy to sleep, that night. Like many another, he had followed the path of duty, only to find it leading to happiness, and the cross he had lifted had been transformed into a joy and blessing.

Dick's Fall.

('The Temperance Chronicle.')

'A terribly hard winter!'

This was the saying on every lip—the customary greeting on all sides—said with a shiver and the drawing closer of warm coats and costly fur. But if terrible for the rich, what then was it for the poorer classes? For the scantily clothed, half-starved masses of human beings crowding the large towns?

The night was well advanced, a bitter, driving sleet had fallen without cessation from early morning, accompanied by gusts of icy wind, sweeping round the corners of the streets like some evil spirit bent on cruel missions.

The thoroughfares were well-nigh deserted; only a few belated beings passed along, hurrying with all speed to reach shelter and comfort for the night.

One figure alone did not hasten, but passed slowly in front of a London club, watching with eager eyes the door, whence he hoped someone might issue who would need his services, and provide him with the means to procure the bread he so sorely needed, and had not tasted since the previous day.

Poor lad, his feet were bare and blue with cold! His wretched clothes scarce held together, but left his chest exposed to the bitter blast; one sleeve of his ragged coat hung empty! and this was the secret of his being reduced to such abject poverty.

Nine months before Dick Dilson was a happy lad, singing whilst he worked in the huge steel factory where he had employment.

Each 'pay-night' he took his wages home with a proud and loving heart, to his poor bed-ridden mother, and after, as he called it, 'cleaning himself,' would sally forth to do the marketing required for their modest needs.

Then came the great misfortune.

One slip of the foot, whilst turning to answer a laughing question from his 'mate,' and the whirling machinery caught his right hand and literally wrenched it off just below the elbow!

This saved his life, but at what a cost! After weeks of suffering in the hospital, where it had been found necessary to amputate the poor maimed limb above the elbow, Dick was discharged, cured, but crippled and unfit for work.

Now began a sad and weary battle for dear life, not only for himself, but also his poor, sick, dying mother.

The neighbors, though most of them as poor as herself, had kept her from starving whilst Dick was in the hospital, but after his return home they troubled their head about her no longer.

It was quite natural.

They had their own hard fight to sustain, their own troubles and cares to engross them.

Dick tried again and again to find work, but in vain. Poor boy, he had no one to give him a helping hand, no interest to back him up.

Who could hire a lad with only one arm, and such an air of weakness, when there were hundreds of strong, able-bodied men and boys to be had on all sides.

So it had come to this—tramping the streets from morning until night, seeking odd jobs and being thankful for a few pence.

But all this bitter weather!

It was killing him.

Look at his poor pinched face as it turns towards the now open door; tears must fill your eyes as you look—tears of sympathy and pity.

A gentleman stood on the top step.

Dick touched his battered hat.

'Cab, sir? Shall I fetch a cab?'

He could scarcely speak from cold, his voice was weak and husky.

'Yes, boy; and look sharp about it—ugh, what a fearful night!'

Off ran Dick, hope lending him strength, and he soon returned, hobbling his fastest to keep pace with the cab, to be at hand to open the door and receive his earnings.

After directing the cabman where to go, the gentleman seated himself in the vehicle, and drew up the window.

'If you please, sir,' said Dick, again touching his cap with his left hand; but, alas! there was only cruel disappointment in store for him.

'What are you waiting for? Drive on—stand back, boy, I haven't a copper for you.'

And this was his last hope that night!

Poor Dick! He staggered back groaning, 'Oh, God, help me! I am so hungry!' and then slowly and painfully moved off towards his wretched home.

Alas! there was worse still in store for him.

Dick's parents had been respectable, God-fearing people, and had well brought up the boy.

Since his father's death Dick had been a very good son to his poor ailing mother, and never given her one moment's anxiety.

To-night the devil saw his opportunity—and took it. Half way home, as he shuffled along with eyes bent upon the ground, Dick's steps were suddenly arrested.

He was passing a gin palace, and the door was flung open almost in his face, allowing a current of warmth to encircle his shivering body.

Dick stopped mechanically, and drew in a breath of this delicious heat.

He did not see how laden with spirituous fumes it was; he only felt it warm and comforting.

He clung to the door-post and looked in.

How enticing! How bright and gladsome it all seemed, with shining glass, and glitter of pewter, and loud laughter!

Dick was too benumbed to distinguish how hollow was the mirth; he only caught the echo and it sounded warm.

As he still clung there entranced, a man touched him on the shoulder.

It was one of the men who worked in the factory where Dick had lost his arm.

'Why, Dick, my lad, is't you? You're down on your luck, I reckon,' he said, kindly.

Dick straightened himself immediately, and, without a word was passing on; he recognized in this man a decent fellow when sober; but, alas! that was rare, for he was an habitual drunkard, and Dick also felt ashamed to be seen in so forlorn a plight.

But as he moved to go, his head turned giddy and he reeled, and would have fallen but for the outstretched hand of his companion.

'Why, lad, what's this? You're ill.'

'Not ill, but hungry; oh, so hungry!' moaned poor Dick.

'Hungry! Why, we'll soon stop that. Come in here along o' me, and I'll give you summat as will stop hunger and warm the cockles o' your heart in no time.'

So saying, he drew Dick up the steps, and into the gin-shop.

'No, no, not here,' gasped Dick. 'I can't—I promised mother.'

'Don't be a fool,' said the man, tightening his grip; 'come along wi' me.'

Dick had scarcely strength to resist; he was drawn toward the bar before he was well-nigh conscious.

'Two gins hot,' was the order.

'Not for me; oh, no, I can't,' moaned Dick. 'Give me something to eat; oh, do!'

'Eat, you fool! Why, this is food and drink as well. and warmth, and forgetfulness.'

He tossed off the portion as he spoke, and then thrust Dick's glass into his poor, cold hand.

Ah, how fascinating it smelt!—how warm felt the glass to his benumbed, frozen fingers. He raised it to his lips.

'No, I can't,' he muttered. 'I promised mother.' And he set down the glass.

The man, who in the meantime had drank another portion, glared angrily at him.

'Drink it, you fool! I'll make you.' And he swore a fearful oath.

Poor Dick!—sick, starving, and weak, he wavered and fell—he drank the poisonous stuff.

As a natural sequence to one false step he took a second, and accepted another glass from his false friend; and then another; so that when at last he reached his home he was in a state of hopeless drunkenness.

His poor mother raised herself upon her elbow as he entered the miserable room.

'Ah, Dick, my boy,' she said, faintly, 'have you brought me bread?'

A wild laugh was all the reply, and then the poor woman saw her son stagger and fall, a few feet from her bed upon the floor. She thought him ill, and though suffering acute pain in the attempt she crawled towards him and strove to lift his head.

Then the cruel truth flashed upon her.

'Oh, God!' she cried, 'he has been drinking! Oh, my boy, my boy, has it come to this? Oh, God, forgive him.'

The blow was too much for the poor enfeebled frame, coupled with the unusual effort of leaving her bed; one great sigh from a broken heart, and she fell across Dick's prostrate body—dead!

The silent night hours passed, and still the two figures lay undisturbed upon the floor.

Dawn broke—the tardy, cold, grey, winter dawn.

Still no movement.

It was late in the day when Dick awoke to consciousness.

How his head ached!

Mechanically he tried to raise his arm, and place his hand upon his burning forehead, but he could not move, there was a heavy weight lying across it.

Startled and wondering, he opened his eyes. Where was he?

The dingy ceiling of their tiny attic met his view; then he looked down, and what a sight greeted him!

Lying half across him, her head pillowed on his breast, lay his mother—his mother, who for years had not left her bed! What did it mean?

One moment of confused thought, and then the remembrance of the past night came back to him. He guessed the sequel.

A deep groan escaped from his lips.

He gently drew away his arm and passing it under his mother's head tenderly raised it, as he struggled into a sitting position.

Then the awful truth forced itself upon him; he saw what had taken place during his recent spell of madness.

His conduct had killed his mother!

That she was sinking daily he knew, but he had thought to soothe her last hours and hold her hand in his whilst they bade each

other farewell; and now—he almost shrieked aloud in grief and horror.

Pity poor Dick; that was a fearful hour. He had sinned and his punishment was very heavy to bear.

Again the devil saw his opportunity, and whispered, 'Go, go out and beg, and so obtain drink to drown your sorrow.'

But Jesus, the friend of sinners, stood by him also, and pleaded with him, and prevailed. Satan fled defeated.

Dick felt awestruck and comforted beyond description as he realized the Divine presence, and tears of relief rolled down his poor pinched cheeks.

Then he rose, and with difficulty, half carried, half dragged, the body of his poor mother on to the pallet bed.

He had never missed his arm so much. Gently he kissed the cold lips, and drew a covering over the pallid face.

What was to be done next?

He sat down to think, resting his aching head against the attic wall.

He did not possess a single penny.

His thoughts would not shape themselves.

A knock at the door surprised him, as he sat musing.

It was so unusual for anyone to seek them; how could it be?

The knock was repeated, and Dick, without moving, said, 'Come in.'

The next instant he sprang to his feet, his eyes blazing, his breath coming in great gasps, as the man who had tempted him the previous night entered the room.

'You here!' cried Dick; 'oh, how dare you come? Go away this instant, or I will kill you as I have killed her.' And his eyes turned towards the still form lying beneath its covering. The man shrank back, and gazed with horror-struck eyes at Dick.

'Killed her! What do you mean, boy?'

'Yes, killed her, my mother—I broke her heart last night.'

The man looked relieved, and said, 'You did not lift your hand agin her, lad?'

'No, no, not that; but just as surely I have killed her.'

'You should not say such things, boy, nor go for to make such orful statements; you don't know the trouble you might get yerself into. I thought—there, I daren't tell you what I thought.'

Dick sighed, and moving across the room, raised the covering from his mother's face.

'Come and look at her,' he said. 'You must,' he repeated, firmly, as the man cowered and shook his head; 'I forgive you your share in the business, I suppose you meant it kindly; but you shall look at what it's done.'

Impelled by the boy's manner, the rough fellow stepped gently forward and gazed at the wasted features refined by death. There was silence for a few minutes, and then with a sob the man sank on his knees, and cried, 'Oh, Dick! Dick! I am a murderer. I killed her, not you, lad, by tempting you to drink. God forgive me; I repent, I repent. Here, by your mother's side, I swear I never will touch that cursed drink again. You'll help me, won't yer? Come home with me, and be a son to me and my poor neglected wife. She'll bless the day if it cures me o' that beastly drink.'

Dick's eyes filled with tears.

He stretched out his hand towards the man, and cried, 'Oh, thank you, thank you; aye, I'll come and gladly; but I cannot be a burden to you,' he added, as he looked at his maimed arm, 'I am so useless.'

'Never you mind that, my lad,' his friend replied; 'you are as sharp as needles, I know yer. We'll soon find summat for yer to do, only come home to Sue and me.'

Dick still hesitated, longing to accept, but fearful.

'Are you quite sure you mean it? That I shall be welcome to your wife?'

'Wait a bit, and I'll show yer,' was the reply he got, as the man turned and left the attic.

Dick was slightly surprised at his sudden departure, but resumed his seat and his meditations, which were now less gloomy. In about half an hour the man returned, accompanied by his wife, 'Sue,' a haggard but respectable looking woman.

She went straight up to Dick and kissed him, saying, 'Come home with us, my lad; we ain't got much, but you shall share what we have. If my little Johnnie had lived, he'd a' bin just your age; come and take his place, my dear; and, oh, if you can cure him (pointing to her husband) of that orful drink, I'll bless the day that you were born.'

'I'll try, ma'am,' said Dick, 'and I'll be a son to you.'

'Then it's settled,' said the woman. 'Now you go home with my man and have summat to eat; you look well-nigh starved to death yourself; and I'll see to the poor dear lying here.'

Dick felt a load lifted from his heart as he kissed once more his mother's lips, and left her to the care of the kind-hearted woman, who had come in his hour of need.

He accompanied his friend home, and, after eating the meal he so sorely needed, was left alone, for the man went off to do a half-day's work at the factory.

'No more "half-days," Dick, my boy,' were his parting words; 'no more blows for my poor Sue; no more aching heads for me.'

And he kept his word. Not without many a struggle—indeed, he would have given way and fallen again, but for Dick, who followed him into the gin-palace and forced him to leave his glass untouched in the very place where the boy had tasted his first and last 'cup of poison.'

But to return to our story.

The man returned that evening from his work with a sum of money large enough to cover all the expenses of burying Dick's poor mother. He had told the tale to his 'mates,' and they had freely subscribed the necessary amount, and came with grave and sympathetic faces to follow the body to its last resting-place.

Dick soon grew strong with proper food, and obtained a place as errand boy in a large drapery establishment.

He joined a night school, and worked hard to master writing with his left hand. In this he succeeded, and after a few years was promoted to being an office clerk in the same firm.

Now he was able to repay all that his adopted parents had spent upon him, and more besides in loving gratitude; and, what gave him most pleasure, he could afford to carry in his pockets loose money for poor hungry street boys such as he had once been, and for whom he was constantly on the look-out, especially in cold and wintry weather, that he might, if possible, be the means of saving them from a like temptation and fall to his own.

Newsdealers.

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Cuba's Curious Animals.

The Spaniard is not the only foe the soldier will encounter on his Cuban marches. Cuban sand-flies and mosquitoes are much like our own, but we have nothing to match the huge spider, whose bite causes fever, nor the belligerent ant, known as vivajagua.

A scorpion, though not so dangerous as the European variety, proves himself unpleasant enough to the careless travellers, and the chigoe, or 'jigger,' deals swift retribution to an offender. Its method of attack is inconvenient, for it burrows under the toe nail, and unless removed at once builds its nest there. In that case inflammation occurs, and the only relief is the painful operation of having the little animal cut out.

Snakes are not numerous, but they include some of the freaks of the animal kingdom. The huge maja, longer than two six feet men set end to end, with a body twenty inches in circumference, looks fierce enough and formidable enough to put a whole regiment to flight. It is all a bluff, for the big reptile is harmless.

Among the birds the soldier may exercise his taste for pets. Those peculiar to the island have beautiful plumage, rich in coloring. There are nearly 200 kinds to be found there, and among them all the vulture and turkey buzzard are almost the only birds of prey. They are so useful as scavengers to carry away waste material that they are protected from death by law. Geese, turkeys, peacocks and pigeons are the most familiar domestic fowls, and pigs, sheep, goats, mules and horses, the animals used.

The Cuban horses are almost a race by themselves. They are very gentle, they never kick nor bite nor play any unseemly tricks on their riders. In some parts of the island horses receive as much consideration as a member of the family. They are not tied or confined, but they wander about the door yard, put their heads into the kitchen windows to exchange the time of day, and even on occasion have the privilege of entering the house. The sight of humans and equines on terms of such easy familiarity makes one wonder if the days of Gulliver and his horse country have come again.

Sometimes the roads are very bad and the mud so sticky that it holds any foreign substance like glue. For this reason farmers braid their horses' tails, turn them up over their backs and tie them to the saddle. No Northern pony would stand this indignity, but the Cuban pack animals seem quite willing to endure it.

In the mountainous regions mules are used to carry sugar and coffee down the mountain paths, and to save drivers, mules in long procession are tied together, one's head to another's tail, and with only one man at the head of the column to guide the leader, they carry down their burdens safely. The hind legs of Cuban mules must be worked on a different principle from that in vogue among United States mules. Here no insurance agency would insure a man whose business was tying mules to one another's tails.

The only wild animal peculiar to Cuba is the jutia, or hutia. It is rat shaped, black and small. It lives in the hollows of trees, like our squirrel, and eats leaves and fruit.

The juvenile part of the 'Messenger' is continued on page 11.

Keeping my Word.

IN THREE PARTS.

('Sunday at Home.')

CHAPTER II.

Two days after, the report of our work was completed and read out at the close of morning school. It was the custom to give each girl's name with the number of marks gained in each branch of study. None interested me specially but Effie's and Norah's, before my own was read. Effie's was fairly good, but I was rather annoyed to find that Norah had nearly the full number of marks for arithmetic. Still I knew I must yet be a little ahead. Presently Miss Marshman came to my name, and following reports for other exercises, came one for arithmetic, which fairly struck me dumb.

'For arithmetic,' said Miss Marshman, 'there are no marks at all, not because the work has been done incorrectly, but because it has been left incomplete. Pupils are, of course, aware that unless an attempt at least is made to answer every question given in each branch, no exercise can receive commendation. Several sums were perfectly worked, but others were omitted altogether.'

Then followed the rest of the report, of which I heard not a word, either of my own or of my school-fellow's success. My cheeks were burning with indignation and disappointment. Vexed, not merely at losing the prize, but at being humiliated in this way before all the class, I was so angry I could scarcely keep my seat quietly, or restrain my tongue. My judgment was blinded by wilful passion, and I made up my mind during the few moments that I had for meditation that Effie was the culprit. She was so friendly with the hated Norah, she wanted her to be successful over my head; she had, therefore, taken some mean advantage and withheld a part of my exercise, or destroyed it. I worked myself up into a white heat of passion, and the instant the class dispersed, and I was free, I sought out the unsuspecting child, and charged her with the offence.

'So this is the way you treat your best friends, Effie,' I began, angrily. 'You had my exercises to take to the desk the other day, and you wanted your fine new friend to have the best of it, so you played me a shameful trick. Pray, what did you do with the rest of the sums? Perhaps you will be good enough to tell me that. You don't suppose I was so foolish as not to remember I finished them all?'

Effie turned to me astonished, her face flushed. She looked quite frightened at my violent manner and stern tones. This I chose to take for a sign of guilt, and added some further bitter reproaches, till the poor little girl did not know how to reply in self-defence.

'Oh, Ruth,' she faltered, when I paused and gave her an opportunity to speak, 'Oh, Ruth, what do you mean? You know I would never do anything so wicked. I wondered so to hear your report. Are you sure you didn't forget any of the sums?'

'Forget any!' I exclaimed contemptuously. 'As if I should forget what I wanted specially to do best of all. I filled three slates with the sums because I wanted plenty of room without crowding them. They were all perfect. I declare it is too bad to be cheated like this!'

Effie flushed yet deeper at the cruel insinuation, but she was really calmer than I, and began to see at once where the mistake had been made. 'Three slates, Ruth?' she said, 'you only gave me two. You never fill more than two for your sums, and I did not think of asking for three.'

But I was in no mood to give the matter any quiet consideration, and I only answered angrily, 'Nonsense, Effie, don't make ridiculous excuses. You've spoilt all my chance, and I don't believe you care a bit. You think of nobody now but that stupid Norah, so you'd better go and take up with her, and leave me alone.'

'Oh, but Ruth,' pleaded Effie, as I turned away from her, 'Ruth, do listen; do talk about it. I think we can find out how it happened.'

'Hold your tongue,' I retorted. 'It's done now, and can't be helped, and it's all your fault, however it happened. It's no use to make up a tale about it now; I shan't listen to anything more. You're a mean little thing, and I won't speak to you for a month.' And with that I flounced out of the room, put on my hat and jacket, and started for home, leaving Effie to follow alone as best she could.

After my temper had somewhat cooled down and I had time to consider the matter calmly, I began to see that Effie had been quite right in the explanation she had given of the mistake. It was quite true that I generally filled but two slates with my sums and answers to arithmetic questions, and as we were clearing up in haste, I had evidently quite forgotten that a third should have been given to Effie to go up to the desk. I had, no doubt, carelessly left it with others on the table, some unused, and others with scraps of unfinished exercises, and these had all been collected and cleaned when our work was over.

This reflection, though it cleared Effie from any suspicion of guilt, was not a very consoling one for me, as whether the answers were right or wrong mattered little now; they had not been presented at the right time, and my chance was gone. But instead of reproaching myself for my hasty injustice and trying at once to make amends, I nursed my disappointment and vexation, and very unreasonably continued to look on poor little Effie as the cause of it all. I knew perfectly well that it was clearly my duty to own myself in the wrong; to go at once to Effie and ask her pardon for my cruel and hasty words, and though chiefly occupied still in the remembrance of my own disappointment, I had some vague sort of intention of making it all right again the next morning when we met, for I really loved Effie, and felt sorry to have grieved her.

But suddenly there flashed upon me the remembrance of my last words as I had abruptly left her—'You're a mean little thing, and I won't speak to you for a month.' I regretted them heartily. I would have given anything to recall them, but as they had once been spoken, I was too proud to go back from my word. I persuaded myself that it was only from a lofty regard for truth and rectitude that I was unwilling to break my word, indeed I rather prided myself on keeping a rash vow to the letter; but all the while I was really only cherishing a stubborn determination to show my schoolfellows that I, at least, when I said anything, meant it, and would stick to it at any cost. I remembered my scornful words about Florrie Richardson, and my boast before the whole class that I always 'kept my word;' and though I was not at all sure that the fulfilment of my passionate threat would not be fully as tiresome to myself as it would be distressing to Effie, I was firmly resolved that nothing should induce me to speak to my little companion before the month was up.

We met as usual the next morning. Effie overtook me just as we reached school, and began hurriedly explaining how the unfortunate sums had been lost. I knew that what she said was quite true, that in fact I had nothing but my own carelessness to blame for the disaster, but, of course, I made her no answer; and when, wondering a little at my continued silence, and quite forgetting my foolish threat of the previous day, she paused and asked me a direct question, I turned away, and gave her no reply, hurrying into the porch and mixing purposely among a noisy throng of girls. I saw that Effie had not taken my words seriously, so as soon as we were seated in class I wrote on a slip of paper these words, and handed it round to her: 'You didn't keep back the sums, I know; but I said I wouldn't speak to you for a month, and I always keep my word.'

I watched the little girl's face cloud as she read the message. I can see it now—the pretty bowed head covered with sunny curls, and then the gentle brown eyes lifted a moment to mine; I think they were filled with tears. But I only just glanced up, and then plunged directly into my work.

Day after day went by, and still I 'kept my word.' I was not happy; far from it. I persuaded myself that I was exhibiting a grand example of constancy to truth, but my conduct certainly brought me no satisfaction. The simple fact was, that I was not a martyr to truth, but only a slave to my own pride and obstinacy. Effie and I still walked to school together occasionally, I in grim silence, she perfectly understanding that my resolution was fixed, chatting away to me, but expecting no answer.

March was now drawing to a close. The days were getting sunny and cheerful, and plenty of early spring flowers were peeping up in copse and hedge-row. Effie and I had often taken long rambles together on half-holidays, and we had promised ourselves, a few weeks before, that we would walk over one Saturday afternoon to Briermead Wood, where the earliest primroses were always to be found nestling under a sunny bank. But my foolish conduct had quite set aside any such enjoyment. A long expedition together with entire silence on my part could hardly afford either of us much pleasure.

It was Effie's birthday on the last day of the month. She had earnestly begged of me, through one of our school-fellows, to relax a little the fulfilment of my vows, and let the month of silence, which was quite as tedious to me as to herself, come to an end on that day, so that we might spend it happily together. This, however, I resolutely refused to do. Some of the girls laughed at me for 'making such a fuss about a few words,' girls who made and broke resolutions a dozen times a day. These I held in contempt. Others applauded me for my 'pluck,' and encouraged me to hold out to the end, and 'show I had some spirit.' This advice was congenial enough.

But there was one girl who counselled quite differently. Rose Gilham was quite fresh to the school, and no one had seemed much disposed to welcome her kindly. She was poor, and neither pretty nor clever. Rose ventured to plead for little Effie, and entreated me not to let this cold shadow

extend any farther, and darken the happiness of my little friend's birthday. She set my conduct before me in its true light, showing me in a very few words that, sacred as was truth and honor, they might sometimes be better observed in the breaking than in the keeping of a promise rashly and foolishly given. Herod paid no worthy tribute to truth and honor when, though he was 'exceedingly sorry,' yet for his oath's sake he gave the order for a cruel murder. I ought never to have attempted, Rose told me, to fulfil my threat; even now it would be better to yield at once and own my mistake, rather than to carry it out to the end, and give further pain to a patient, loving and innocent child.

But I paid little or no heed to Rose's words. I am afraid I answered her rather rudely, encouraged as I had been by some silly companions to 'keep my word.'

So Effie's request was refused. I couldn't help it, I said, that her birthday happened to come on the 31st. I was sorry, but it wasn't my fault. I did not choose to remember that it was all my fault. I little imagined I was denying the child's last request.

Effie and I were really as good friends as ever. The forgiving little soul harbored no resentful feelings towards me for all the injustice she had suffered, and all the pain I had given her, and I kept to my resolution from no reason but a dogged determination not to be beaten, or to have it said that I ever went back from my word. Often, indeed, the situation was more a comic than a serious one, and in return for Effie's communications I sometimes condescended to make signs by way of reply. Secretly, too, I was devoutedly thankful that I should not have to keep up this ridiculous silence much longer.

Effie was to have a few friends to tea on her birthday afternoon—a little festivity from which I had, of course, shut myself out, as the presence of a guest who was not on speaking terms with the hostess would scarcely add to the pleasure of the little gathering.

Effie, of course, had a whole holiday. It was a lovely sunny morning, and while I was at school she set off alone for Briermead Wood in search of the early flowers, and especially of the first primroses, on purpose for me. I had been very vexed with myself when I woke that morning to think that we could not go to the wood together,, and that I must forego all share in the day's pleasure. Rose's words came back to my mind, and once I was on the very point of relenting and running round to Effie with birthday greetings and the announcement that I would hold out no longer. I knew I might have a holiday if I liked, and join Effie in her walk; but pride held me back, self-will triumphed, and taking up my books, I set off to school as usual.

When I went home at midday, I met Mrs. Conington at our gate. She was evidently agitated about something. 'Oh, Ruth,' she said, as I came up, 'have you seen anything of Effie? She went off to the wood early this morning, and I have been so busy I have not thought much about her till now; but it is dinner-time, and she has not come back. I thought, perhaps, she had gone down to meet you from school.'

A terrible, guilty dread went at that moment to my heart, and my voice must have trembled as I replied, 'No, Mrs. Conington.' I said, 'I have seen nothing of Effie. Did she go alone? How long has she been away?'

The poor mother was now more alarmed and distressed than ever. She came into the house and we told mother. Certainly there was cause for serious alarm, for Effie would have been most unwilling to stay out more than an hour or two, particularly as she had some preparations to make to receive her little guests, and had promised to run down to the village on an errand for her mother before dinner. We waited a little while in anxious expectancy, but Effie did not return, and then we determined that search must be made at once for the little wanderer.. Neither mother nor Mrs. Conington were able to walk any distance, but they secured the aid of two or three laborers living near. At my earnest request I was allowed to go with them, as I knew the probable road Effie would have taken, and the parts of the wood she was likely to visit in search of flowers.

(To be continued.)

They Are Not Lost.

The look of sympathy, the gentle word,
Spoken so low that only angels heard;
The secret act of pure self-sacrifice,
Unseen by men, but marked by angels' eyes—
These are not lost.

The happy dream that gladdens all our youth,
When dreams had less of self and more of truth;
The childhood's faith so tranquil and so sweet,
Which sat, like Mary, at the Master's feet—
These are not lost.

The kindly plan devised for others' good,
So seldom guessed, so little understood;
The quiet, steadfast love that strove to win
Some wanderer from the ways of sin—
These are not lost.

Not lost, O Lord! for in thy city bright
Our eyes shall see the past by clearer light;
And things long hidden from our gaze below
Thou wilt reveal, and we shall surely know.
These are not lost.

—'Watchman.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is April, 1902, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Correspondence

My Experience.

LETTER FROM ONE READER TO ANOTHER.

Dear Genevieve,—I read a short note in the 'Northern Messenger' of March 7, requesting an interest in the prayers of Christians and also their aid in helping you to come to Christ. I will most gladly, dear friend, try to give you a short sketch of my experience, and may the dear Saviour bless it to you for good.

When I first came to Christ I felt the gentle drawing of his holy spirit for some time(which was a longing desire to become a Christian). I knew I could not be eternally saved in my sins, so I prayed day and night that Jesus might take away my sins and give me the full assurance that I had passed from death unto life, and that all my sins were really blotted out and forgiven.

For months I agonized in prayer, but did not seem to get an answer. I almost despaired of ever finding salvation. I did not at that time understand what it meant, or how to believe, on the Lord Jesus, and be saved. But I fell upon my knees, and said, Lord, take me as I am, I can do no more. Let me be, or do anything for thee, as long as I live, only save me just now and I believed he was able and willing and could save me now. Then, just in the very act of surrendering myself to Jesus he set my soul free; then I could rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. He there and then gave me the full assurance in my soul, that all my sins were blotted out, or forgiven, for his name's sake, and so filled me with his perfect love that I could pray for and do good to my worst enemies.

But dear friend, do not think that all our warfare is past when we are thus blessed. I tell you, no. In due time God will permit the world, the flesh and the devil to try, test, prove us, to see if we will be faithful in our vows, and love to him. But you need not fear any of these things, for Jesus has promised to help you through, Only look to him every day for his strength to help you resist every temptation. Trust his promises, confess, and obey him. Make God's word your constant companion. It will be a lamp unto your feet and a light unto your path.

I find in my everyday life, the best thing I can do is to take everything that troubles me to Jesus by prayer, and he helps me out of my difficulties. It is at the mercy seat, and with Christ's promises we get strength to meet our every foe. I write this in weakness. May God bless it with his power, to you, and to all who will seek to know Jesus, is the prayer of one who loves our dear Saviour, and precious souls, for whom he died. D. S.

I send you the following lines:

FORGET ME NOT.

'Forget me not,' in accents mild,
Your mother says, 'beloved child.
Forget me not when far away,
Amidst a thoughtless world you stray.
Forget me not when fools would win
Your footsteps to the paths of sin.
Forget me not when urged to wrong
By passions, and temptations strong.
Forget me not when pleasure's snare
Would lead you from the house of prayer,
Forget me not in feeble age,
But let me then your thoughts engage,
And think, my child, how fondly I
Watched o'er your helpless infancy.
Forget me not when death shall close
These eyelids in their last repose,
And evening breezes softly wave
The grass upon your mother's grave.
Oh, then, whate'er thy age and lot
May be, my child, forget me not.'

Tryon, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would take advantage of your offer to send the 'Northern Messenger' for a few weeks to some friends. Enclosed find the names. I go to Tryon school; it is a graded school. I am in the advanced room. My teacher is Mr. Wilfrid Boulter. I study fifth reader, Gage's geography, English and Canadian history, arithmetic, in which I work simple interest. On Easter Sunday it rained all day. I go to Sunday school. I would like Willie J., of Gibson, N.B., to correspond with me. My address is:

WILLIE MORRELL,
Tryon, P.E.I.

Carman, Man.

Dear Editor,—I have been getting the 'Northern Messenger' for the last two years, and enjoy reading it very much, especially the correspondence, and children's page. I am eleven years old. My birthday is on March 22. There is a flood here at the time I am writing. The river overflowed its banks and the streets were all water. We have not been able to go to church for the last three Sundays. The first Sunday there was a terrible storm. There were banks of snow twelve to thirteen feet high, such a storm has not been seen for many years. The next Sunday it was raining very hard, and the last it was the flood which kept some of the people in their houses, so that they could not get out without going in a boat.

Some people had to leave their home but now the water is going down so that the people can go back to their homes. I go to school every day. I only live a little distance from the church and school.

EVA F. M.

Black Grave Farm,
King's Norton,
Near Birmingham, Eng.

Dear Editor,—I am writing to thank you for sending my brother the 'Messenger,' which we all enjoy reading very much. I have seven sisters and two brothers. One of my brothers is out in Canada and the other in England. We live in an old farm house on an island. A moat of water about 20 yards wide, surrounds the house and garden. We cross over a narrow stone bridge to it from the farm buildings. There is no other way on to the island. We also have an old-fashioned fire-grate in the back kitchen, with the date 1670 on it. We think there has been a priory here some time. It is very pleasant here in the summer time. The flowers are coming out now, and it begins to look more like spring.

GLADYS DOCKER.

North Brookfield, Queen's Co., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have never known what it was to enjoy good health, and have not been able to go to school, but I have learned all I could at home. I can read and write and can do long division and now am learning to draw maps. I have one brother three years older than I, and have two grown-up brothers in heaven—we miss them very much here, but we know we shall see them again. My grandpa died in February, and now grandma lives with us. She and I enjoy each other very much. This is a very pretty country place, and in summer we have a good many visitors. Everyone admires our lovely lake, and the gold mines right in the centre of our village have great attractions for strangers. I would like to welcome you to our village some time. I enjoy the children's letters very much for I am a little shut in. I was nine years old on the ninth of September.

RHODA GORDON NORTON.

[How very well you write for such a little girl. Yes, I would very much like to visit your beautiful home.—Ed.]

Lammermoor, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little invalid girl. I am seventeen years old, and have never walked. I have taken the 'Messenger' for three years, and we all enjoy reading it. I have two brothers and two sisters, all older than me. My papa is a farmer, has a large farm. He keeps a large stock of cattle and four horses. I would love to go to school and Sunday school if I could walk. I wonder is there any little girl's birthday the same as mine, May 13.

MARY L. M. E.

Bear Point, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I live on an island called Bon Portage. My father is light-keeper. I thought I would tell you about a steamer called the 'Express,' which was wrecked on the island some time ago. She was bound to Yarmouth from Halifax, and there were about thirty passengers on board. She ran ashore in a dense fog only a few yards from the light. About all the passengers came ashore to the lighthouse. Some of the women were very frightened. They stopped on the island a few hours, and then went on board the 'La Tour,' for Clark's Harbor. It was very rough and she soon went to pieces. My birthday is on September 6, and I will be ten years old. I have one brother named Sheldon, aged eight, and a baby sister named Thelma.

PEARL M.

Gore, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I send a dozen names of some of my little friends who I think would like to have the 'Messenger.' I have taken the 'Messenger' for a year and think it a very nice paper. I go to school almost every day and study geography, history, fourth reader, health reader, arithmetic, but history is my favorite study. I am in the sixth grade at school. My teacher's name is Miss MacDougall. I like Hannah V. L.'s letter very much. Florence M. P. said she had read 'What Katy Did.' I have tried to get that book but failed. I have one sister and four half-brothers. My youngest half-brother is out West in Alberta, and one is in Halifax. He is a milkman. We only have one church, but two ministers. Their names are Rev. Mr. Fraser and Rev. Mr. Kinny. I have three cats and a calf for pets. My birthday is on January 27. I will be eleven years old my next birthday.

EVA C.

Alvinston, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am going to write you a letter and send a few names of friends around here. There are not very many little girls around here, but I will send a few. I am a little girl living on a farm. We keep horses, pigs, sheep, cattle and poultry. The country is very nice around here. The winter has just broken up and sowing commenced. This is an early spring to what we sometimes have. We sowed on the twenty-fifth of March this year. It is quite warm here now, and we had a lovely winter. I hope the summer will be as nice.

CATHARINE E.

Ealing, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have been a subscriber to the 'Northern Messenger' for five years now and enjoy reading it very much. Last year it afforded my brother Will and I extra work, for we were supposed to find the text each day, commit it to memory and write it out in our book from the 'Find-the-Place Almanac.' Sometimes we would rather have been playing, but it did not do us any harm. We were pleased to see our names printed in with the enrolled Bible searchers, also my letter that I wrote you when living in Collingwood. Will got a beautiful book entitled 'The Naresborough Victory' as prize for bringing the most members to the Band of Hope. Noticing your kind offer to send copies of your valuable paper for five weeks to any addresses sent you, I enclose twelve names of boys and girls, also answer to the Easter puzzle by Mrs. C. McLellan. Hoping it may be right.

B. DUFFERIN M. (aged 11.)

[The answer you sent to the puzzle was quite right. Well done!.—Ed.]

Cooperstown, N.D.

Dear Editor,—Taking advantage of your kind offer, I send you twelve names. We have taken the 'Messenger' several years, and like it very much, especially since it was enlarged. We have had a very nice winter. We had just one week's sleighing, but it is very muddy. It is impossible to drive with a load now, as we have had so much rain lately. This is a new country; twenty years ago there was nobody living here, but now it is thickly settled. The surface of the land is generally level. We raise all kinds of small grain and stock, and fine potatoes, but we can't raise any fruit except a few small kinds. Our summer is short, we don't have much spring or fall, just summer and winter, about seven months summer and five winter. We attend Congregational church and Sunday school. We live a mile and a half from school. We generally have eight months in the year. We will soon have flowers outside; the crocus is our first wild flower, and is open April 15.

LOUISA.

South March.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl ten years old. I have only one brother living, and one dead, whose name was Harold. I live on a farm. My papa has four horses and eleven head of cattle. I go to Sunday school and also attend day school. I have been taking the 'Messenger' for about a year, and like it very much. I saw in the 'Messenger' that any one could send in a dozen names, so thought I would send some.

VIDA SMYTH.

St. Thomas, N.D.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm. We have eight horses and two cows. I have five sisters and one brother. We live a half-mile from the school-house, and I go every day. I have been to school for over eighty days without being either tardy or absent. I am in the fourth book and I am eleven years old.

EDITH E. B.

Maple Ridge, N.B.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' We have only been taking it a few weeks, but we like it very much. I saw your notice in the 'Messenger' that anyone could send the names of a dozen boys and girls and they would get the paper free for a few weeks. So I thought I would write, so they would have the paper for a little while as there are not many around here that take it. I go to church and Sunday school in the summer, and also day school in summer, but not much in winter.

CORA H. (Aged 11.)

Carrs Brook, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I read in the 'Messenger' that you would like some of the little boys and girls to write something about their ancestors, and I would like to write about my great-grandpa, as my grandma has told it. My great-grandpa was a Scotch sea-captain. He made his home on Prince Edward Island. He sailed a vessel up the Hudson Bay trading with the Indians in furs. He was ship-wrecked on the Hudson Bay coast, and with eight of the crew he got into a boat; they saw a bear on the shore, and having nothing to eat, they left the boat in charge of the mate. When they came back the savages had killed and were eating the mate. They tried to run away. Great-grandpa and one of his comrades got away together; they had a dog with them; they could get nothing to eat, so they killed the dog and tried to eat him. They travelled a long way and came back to the same place where they killed the dog. An old Indian got great-grandpa. He was with him and his old squaw all winter, the old squaw was good to great-grandpa. One time they had nothing to eat, and the old squaw made signs to great-grandpa if the old Indian came home that night without anything to eat he would kill and eat him. But he came home that night with half a deer on his back. He had killed two that day. In the spring the Indians commenced to move about. One day when they were going through the forest they came to a place where one of their tribe was buried. The way they bury their dead they choose a place where four trees grow pretty close together and lay sticks across and lay their dead on them; they put their gun or hatchet on top of them, and it is sure death to anyone who lifts it. Greatgrandpa did not know that and he lifted it up. They were going to kill him right there, but one young Indian pleaded for his life. He was with the Indians eighteen months and then he got away from them. I could tell how he got away, but as my letter is so long I guess I will not. When he got home a large Newfoundland dog he left at home met him on the shore and he took his neckerchief off and tied it on the dog's neck and sent him home with it. He had been away three years. He was so broken down with the hardships he had endured that he never could go to sea after that.

My sister and I thank you very much for the Bibles; they are very nice.

GEORGIE E.

Alma, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' for five years, and like it very much. I have been wishing to write for some time, but did not think I had anything interesting enough to write about. I am very fond of reading and am now reading 'Pioneering in the New Hebrides,' by Rev. J. G. Paton. He tells the story of the death of Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. N. Gordon on Erromanga I often pass the place where Mr. Gordon lived when young. And two trees still mark the place where the house once stood. Mr. John Gordon, the last surviving brother of the missionary, died this winter. I send a short account of the family taken from one of our papers.

SOPHIE GORDON BARBOUR.

[The clipping kindly forwarded will be found in another part of this number, under the heading 'The Last of a Noted Family.—Ed.]

Kind Words.

Gentlemen—Will you kindly renew our subscription of thirty-five copies 'Northern Messenger' for another year. We have taken this paper in our school for a number of years, and find that each year it is improving, being suitable for either young or old, and far 'out-ranks' any weekly periodical at so small a price. Yours truly,

G. M. MUIR,
Sec. Treas. Winona Meth. S. S.

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HOUSEHOLD.

A Little Close-Home Story from the Siege of Pekin.

One evening, soon after the burial of little Elizabeth Inglis, her mother's heart was moved at finding that fresh flowers had been laid upon the grave by an unknown hand, as well as a cross of life-like forget-me-nots made from delicately tinted porcelain, and a broad white ribbon, inscribed: 'Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven. He shall gather the lambs in his arms and carry them in his bosom.'

Upon inquiry it was learned that, about daylight, the English hospital orderly, young Mr. F——, had been seen arranging the wreath. Asked if he were making it for one of the English soldiers, 'No,' he replied, 'I am making this for Dr. Inglis's baby; not only because I feel sorry for them, but because my own little baby was born and died in the eighteen months since I was home in England. It was our first, so I am doing this for its sake.'

The same week Mrs. Inglis was approached by two British marines of 'the better sort.' They lifted their caps, and one said, stammering and blushing: 'Madam, if you will permit us, we would like very much to keep your baby's grave in order. We will brick it around, whiten the bricks, and keep the ground level. We used to see your baby near the Bell Tower. He were a happy little chap—weren't he?'

'He called her a boy, but a soldier cannot be expected to know the identity of a baby,' writes Mrs. Inglis. No wonder that these incidents deeply touched her heart, and, as she says, she 'could hardly utter' her thanks to the fresh-faced English lad who had the father-heart, though he could never see his child.

Of the thoughtfulness of Lady MacDonald and her sister, Mrs. Armstrong, Mrs. Inglis makes grateful acknowledgment: 'We never received so much kindness from any one. We were given cradle, carriage, mosquito netting, distilled and mineral water, daily, and Lady MacDonald even took her own little three-year-old Stella off from cow's milk to let our baby try it for a change. I shall never forget that morning that baby died, when Lady MacDonald came with tears in her eyes, and said: I know what it means to lose a child, for I lost two within four days. How a common grief opens our hearts to that Christ-like sympathy that makes the whole world kin.'—'Woman's Work for Women.'

Mother's Vacation.

Everybody in the house, even father, had had a vacation, and now, half-way through September, the circle was again complete around the table and one after another took up the thread of narrative, and told of pleasant experiences. Hilda had been camping by the shore; she was brown and plump, and the salt water bathing and sea air had made her all right for her work again. Hilda taught school. Bob had gone to the mountains. Louise had visited her Grandmother Jenkins at Riverside. Father had taken a trip to town to sell some meadow land. He hated to part with it, but the price paid was so liberal that he felt rich. Mother only had not had a day's change all summer, nor, for that matter, an outing in ten years. Somehow they all expected mother to be always there, in her place, like Gibraltar or the Sphinx.

'It's fine to be at home again, and nobody going away for the next six months,' said Bob.

'You are mistaken, Bobby,' said a soft, decided voice. 'I'm going now; it's my turn.'

Hilda gasped in amazement.

Father set down his tea-cup and stared at mother as if she had suddenly gone crazy. There was a dead silence, and the clock struck six in the middle of it.

'Why, Susy!' said father. 'Where are you goin'? You could have gone to town with me. I vow I didn't 'spose you'd go.'

'You didn't ask me, Cyrus,' said mother.. 'But I'm going home now, home to the old Farwell Place, to see Phebe, Ann and Polly and Brother Dave. I shall be away three months. I'm not coming home till I'm rested, till I want to see my own folks again, till I've been round all my kin up home. No, there's nobody goin' to take me. I'm settin' out this trip alone. If I want you to come after me, husband, I'll send for you. My trunk is packed. Martha Sansom is coming over here to keep house. And my ticket's bought.'

A bomb-shell exploding in the sitting-room would not have been more stupefying. Hilda recovered first. 'Mother,' she said, reprovingly, 'you haven't got a thing that's fit to wear.'

'What's been good enough for me at home, will do very well when I'm visiting.'

'I can't let you wear that old alpaca dress, and that straw bonnet with the faded cornflowers, at Uncle Dave Farwell's,' said Hattie, resolutely. 'What trunk have you packed?'

'My little old hair trunk, dear.'

'Harriet,' said father, 'you pack your trunk for mother, and put in your black silk and your gray foulard, and a nice bonnet; and I'll give you money for more for yourself. And I'll take her, and she'll go in the parlor car, and when she's good and ready I'll go after her and bring her home. We've been dumb and selfish, all thinking of what we wanted, and never considering her. I'm sorry, Susy,' he said, and the blue eyes under the wrinkled forehead twinkled with a glint of boyish mirth. A pair of steadfast brown ones, under silver hair, responded, and the two old folk clasped hands. The children stole out of the room and left them together.

'To think of it,' said Bobby. 'Mother starting off on a vacation. Mother!'

'I can't see why not,' ejaculated Hilda.

And so mother went, and when she came back, in three months' time, she looked twenty years' younger.—'Christian Herald.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

A SCOTCH APPRECIATION.

Edinburgh, March 30, 1902.

Gentlemen,—I am indebted to a mutual friend for making me acquainted with 'World Wide,' and its most interesting medley of articles. They form a 'pot pourri' one does not tire of and when one finishes a number one is inclined, like 'Oliver Twist' to ask 'for more.' You exercise great discrimination in your selections, securing a little for each of one's wants, and making in all a mental pabulum stimulating, refreshing, nutritious and instructive. I mean much better than'——.' Save 'Punch,' yours is the only paper I have ever read right through. May your paper live long and prosper. I remain, gentlemen, yours faithfully,

H. CAIRNS.

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Advertisements.

EXPERIENCE COMMANDS ATTENTION.

'To my mind, and judging from my own experience, no product of the cereal (wheat) can be compared to 'Shredded Wheat.' In a word, I bear willing testimony to its excellence as nutritive, both for those of delicate digestion and those in robust health, and I feel sure a fair trial would convince the most skeptical of its value.

SARAH FRANCES HALL.

SHREDDED WHEAT Sold by all Grocers.

In every town and village may be had, the

Mica Axle Grease

that makes your horses glad.

Made by Imperial Oil Co.

USE BABY'S OWN SOAP

Its flesh is insipid, but it is often eaten. Curious modifications of felines and canines inhabit the wood. The animals have sprung from dogs and cats in the domestic state and differ from them only in their size and habits. Some of the intelligence of civilization seems to remain with them, and they cause the farmer much anxiety by their carefully planned attacks upon his poultry and cattle.

The matter of lights is a small item of expense to the poor man in Cuba, for in the phosporescent fly nature provides him a lamp free. This fly, the cucullo, about the size of our roach, is perfectly black, with a transparent breast. Two eyes in front and one in the point of its breast give out so much light when its wings are spread that one can see by it to read a letter.

Children make pets of cucullos and shut them up in reed cages. If they feed them on sugar, the sticky particles adhering to their legs exasperate them so much that they fall upon each other like prize fighters. The children avoid this by giving the flies sugar cane. They wash them carefully morning and night, and in this way keep their pets alive and shining for many days.

Fashionable ladies wear the brilliant flies in their hair, and sometimes the belles use them covered with a gauzy material for living belts. One little girl remarked, with much solemnity, after examining a cucullo's legs, that God made it with hooks to fasten on little girls dresses. Left to themselves the cucullos fly in regular lines, giving the effect of the long procession of the watch at Havana. For this reason the Cubans call them 'serenos de los bichos' —watchmen of the insects. Fifteen or twenty of them in a calabash pierced with holes make a kind of lantern often used during the night.

Another curious phenomenon of Cuban animal life is the procession of land crabs across the island. They travel from north to south every spring, when the rains commence, and are as regular an institution as the wet weather itself. Shell fish are abundant, but they are of inferior quality. The climate is too warm for them, and oysters there at all times are as unsatisfactory as ours in the month when no magic R appears. The rivers and bays and inlets, however, are well stocked with palatable fish. The iguana, cayman and crocodile are common. A huge variety of crocodile called cayman has a colony of his own on the Isle of Pines. Turtles are found in large numbers in shallows and reefs, and on sandy beaches, and they are put to all sorts of uses, from soup to walking sticks. For canes the shell of the carey variety of turtle is used. First a strong stick is cut of the length desired. Then the turtle shell is boiled until it becomes a thin liquid, and into this the stick is dipped and allowed to cool. The process is repeated several times till the beautiful tortoise shell covering is of proper thickness. Afterwards the cane is polished, headed, tipped with a ferrule, and sold for four or five dollars.

Another curiosity is a cane made from the dried skin of the manatee, or sea cow. The skin is perfectly transparent, and when rightly prepared is flexible, but strong enough to be used as a rapier for defence. Mounted in gold and silver these canes are very expensive. They are rarely seen in Havana, and one tourist, who wished to carry away a cane as a souvenir, paid $50 for the privilege.—'Sun.'

A Game Spoilt.

(Edmund Thickstun, in 'Michigan Advocate.')

Frederick Ross was a hired hand on a farm in Iowa, where he was treated as a member of the family, in which he was a general favorite. He had learned to play cards, and introduced the game of 'casino' to the Sylvesters. Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester were members of the church, but just at that time were tinctured with the error that there is no harm in cards at home. Fred had principally argued them into this position. Frank, Mary and Nellie Sylvester often whiled the evenings away at this game, with Fred for an instructor.

But one day a crisis came in Fred's career. He became alarmed about his soul, and made arrangements with a certain minister for a meeting at the minister's home, to have a talk on religion. After supper Fred hurried into town, and in the parsonage parlor was happily converted, while his friend the minister was praying. He started to walk out to the Sylvesters, a mile away, feeling that he was, indeed, a new man. He almost wanted to stop the people on the streets who were strangers to him and say, 'Don't you know that I've found Jesus?'

But after a while he came in sight of the house. Somehow his courage did not seem so great as when he was walking along the streets. He saw a light in the great kitchen, and knew that the family were all in there. However, he could go to his room from the hall entrance, and he weakly resolved on doing so. But when he opened the hall door, he heard Frank Sylvestre in the kitchen say:

'Here comes Fred; he will deal the cards in great shape for us.'

Then Frank threw open the kitchen door that led into the hall, showing Mr. Sylvester reading at one end of the dining table, Mrs. Sylvester at work with the baking, and the three young folks at the other end of the table with a pack of cards. Fred Ross's whole soul seemed to rise in loathing against these cards, as Frank said:

'Sit down, Fred, and take a hand with us. We don't seem to have any luck in shuffling and dealing.'

The boy took his seat and reached for the cards. He 'riffled' them uneasily for a long time, debating in his mind what he should do, until Frank impatiently exclaimed:

'Go on and deal the cards, Fred; you have them thoroughly mixed.'

'I'll deal you folks a hand, but I believe that I'll not play to-night,' said Fred, as he deftly distributed the cards to the others.

At this both the old folks glanced toward Fred. Frank seized the cards that were dealt, and giving them back, said:

'Here, you must play with us, Fred; deal yourself a hand.'

The 'riffling' was begun again, and was watched with great interest by the old folks. Fred knew that he ought to confess Christ then and there by repudiating the whole game of cards, but oh, how hard it was! At last Frank again impatiently cried:

'Deal the cards, Fred Ross; deal the cards. Are you going to sleep?'

It was now or never. Fred lifted the pack of cards high above his head, and threw them toward the kitchen stove. They scattered over the floor and Fred solemnly said:

'So help me, God, I'll never play another game of cards.'

Then Mrs. Sylvester dropped the pan of bread she was taking from the stove, and Mr. Sylvester nearly knocked the table over getting to his feet. He seized both of Fred's hands and nearly shouted aloud. She gathered up the scattered cards, stuffed them into the fire, and almost hysterically made for Fred, who was now thoroughly happy. He said:

'Oh, Mrs. Sylvester, I've found Jesus!'

'I knew it already, Fred; I suspected it even before you threw the cards. Poor boy! I could see that you were having a hard time of it making up your mind to stand for the right. But you triumphed at last, Fred, and you've preached the biggest sermon to-night that ever I listened to, though you had only a deck of cards for a text. If Mr. Sylvester and I had been as firm as you they would never have come into the house. If God will forgive me, I will stand firmer hereafter.'

PLEASING CONGRATULATION.

Mount Allison Academy,
Sackville, N.B.,
April 2, 1902.

John Dougall & Son,
'Witness Office,
Montreal.

Gentlemen,—I have read the 'Weekly Witness' with interest for some time, and you are to be congratulated on the high tone of your paper, which in this respect is perhaps the only paper with but one exception on this side of 'the water' that approaches the high standard of some of the periodicals of the mother country.

Yours truly, RAYMOND FORSEY.

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give two cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year is well worth a dollar.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers are entitled to the special price of seventy-five cents to the end of the year, and, while the last the back numbers of this year will also be included.

'World Wide.'

A weekly reprint of articles from leading journals and reviews reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres.

So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of the issue April 12, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

[illegible] 'The Times,' London.
The Peace Discussion—By One Who Knows Them,' in the 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
The Government and the State of Ireland—The London 'Times.'
The Prince and the New York Board of Trade—'Brooklyn Eagle' and the New York 'Times.'
A Russian Opinion—'The Nation,' New York.
The Grimm Treachery—'The Spectator,' London.
Five Men in Railroad Control—Springfield 'Republican.'
In the Land of the Western Raj—Manchester 'Guardian.'
Mr. Justice Chandavarkar's Speech on the Re-Marriage of Child-Widows—'The Indian Ladies' Magazine.'
In Defence of Mr. Justice Chandavarkar—By S. I. Krishna Sarma, in 'The Indian Ladies' Magazine.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Expert and Amateur Musical Criticism—'The Spectator,' London.
Passion Plays

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Passontide—By E. D. S., in The 'Pilot,' London.
The Angler—Poem, by Theodore Roberts, in 'Youth's Companion.'
Words of Hope—From the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayam.
Obituary Comment—'Daily Chronicle,' London.
The Last of Napoleon—By George H. Warner, in the New York 'Evening Saturday Review.'
Anecdotes and Memories of Sir Walter Besant—'Daily News' and 'Daily Chronicle,' London.
The Scott Centenary Relics—'The Pilot,' London.
Ruskin on Reading—'Daily News,' London.
The Jokes of the People—By Max Beerbohm, in 'Pall Mall Magazine.'
Stroke of the Oar—Punch

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Physical Training in Schools—'The Times,' London.
Thinking Recommended as a School Exercise—By M. Jo, in the Brooklyn 'Eagle.'

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LESSON V.—MAY 4.

The Church of Antioch in Syria.

Acts xi., 10-30. Commit to memory vs. 22-44. Read Isa., lxii.

Golden Text.

'The hand of the Lord was with them; and a great number believed and turned unto the Lord.'—Acts xi., 21.

Home Readings.

Monday, April 28.—Acts xi., 19-30.
Tuesday, April 29.—Matt. x., 16-23.
Wednesday, April 30.—Matt. xxviii., 16-20.
Thursday, May 1.—Luke x., 17-24.
Friday, May 2.—II. Cor. viii., 1-9.
Saturday, May 3.—I. Peter v., 1-11.
Sunday, May 4.—Rom. xii., 1-15.

Lesson Text.

(19) Now they which were scattered abroad upon the persecution that arose about Stephen travelled as far as Phenice, and Cyprus,and Antioch, preaching the word to none but the Jews only. (20 And some of them were men of Cyprus and Cyrene, which, when they were come to Antioch, spake unto the Grecians, preaching the Lord Jesus. (21) And the hand of the Lord was with them; and a great number believed, and turned unto the Lord. (22) Then tidings of these things came unto the ears of the church which was in Jerusalem; and they sent forth Barnabas, that he should go as far as Antioch. (23) Who, when he came, and had seen the grace of God, was glad, and exhorted them all, that with purpose of heart they cleave unto the Lord. (24) For he was a good man and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith; and much people was added unto the Lord. (25) Then departed Barnabas to Tarsus, for to seek Saul; (26) And when he had found him, he brought him unto Antioch. And it came to pass, that a whole year they assembled themselves with the church and taught much people. And the disciples were called Christians first in Antioch. (27) And in these days came prophets from Jerusalem unto Antioch. (28) And there stood up one of them named Agabus, and signified by the spirit that there should be great dearth throughout all the world; which came to pass in the days of Claudius Caesar. (29) Then the disciples, every man according to his ability, determined to send relief unto the brethren which dwelt in Judaea: (30) Which also they did, and sent it to the elders by the hands of Barnabas and Saul.

Suggestions.

In the wide sweep of history shown in the book of Acts we lose sight of nearly all the apostles. The subject of the book is gospel expansion, that is, the spread of the church into new countries and among different peoples. As Peter and Paul had most to do with this, we hear most about them. We would like to hear more about the other apostles. Perhaps they spent their time in Palestine, going to places where they had been before with Jesus, and gathering into the Christian fold many who had been prepared by the Master's own words to believe in His redemptive death and glorious resurrection. Another preacher of whom we would like to hear more, is a certain Joseph of the tribe of Levi, who showed such gifts of persuasive eloquence that the apostles called him Barnabas, or 'the exhorter.' We hear of him first as giving a large sum of money, the price of a farm, to the Apostles, for the poor (Acts iv., 36, 37). Then when Saul came to Jerusalem, a converted man, but still suspected by those who had known him formerly as a persecutor, Barnabas introduced him to the apostles, and told them the story of how Saul on his journey had seen the Master, and how the Master had talked to him, and how at Damascus he had spoken out fearlessly in the cause of Jesus' (Acts ix., 27, 'Twentieth Century' version). Again, Barnabas is spoken of in connection with to-day's lesson, and later on we find him, true to his generous nature, keeping hold of his nephew John Mark to make a man of him in spite of discouragements.

The persecutions in which Stephen was martyred, and in which Saul was so cruel and violent (Acts iii., 8), had the good result of scattering the believers and so scattering the gospel. Probably many of those who had been converted in Jerusalem returned to homes in Gentile countries, where Jewish fanaticism would be less likely to molest them. It is supposed that Luke as well as Nicholas, the deacon, came from Antioch originally. Very likely they both returned there. Some also who were born in the island of Cyprus, and others from Cyrene in Africa, went to Antioch instead of taking the longer journey to their old homes. Antioch was a city of splendid buildings, 'bright with Greek frescoes, and adorned with every refinement which Roman wealth had borrowed from Ionian luxury' (Farrer). Its inhabitants were Syrians, Greeks and Jews. Its wickedness was proverbial, but wicked people are not beyond the reach of the gospel. Some of the disciples who went to Antioch began to proclaim the good news to the Greek-speaking population. These zealous preachers were not Jews born in Palestine, but Jews born in Cyprus and Cyrene, where they had mixed in business with a good many Gentiles, probably and knew that Gentiles were very much like themselves. So they did not need a special vision, as Peter did, to show them that the Greeks could be saved. Perhaps they had heard of Peter's experience, but preaching to the heathen was still a new thing in the church. When the church in Jerusalem heard that many heathen had turned to the Lord through the testimony of the believers, the eloquent preacher Barnabas was sent to aid the work, and perhaps to oversee it. This broad-minded man was glad indeed to see what God had done. His preaching was to the effect that all disciples of Christ, whatever they may have been in the past, were now to cleave to Christ alone (v. 23). Barnabas, 'full of the Holy Ghost and of faith,' did not think himself qualified to manage the whole of such a rapidly growing work. He sought out the talented Saul, who seems to have retired to his native city of Tarsus. Barnabas had befriended Saul before and took this opportunity to bring him into the most aggressive work of the whole field, a work that needed vigorous men. Here Saul had a year's experience of Christian work, and proved at once his sincerity and his value as a worker.

Now, when these Christian Jews preached in Antioch, they still spoke of Jesus as their Messiah, or 'anointed one.' Prophets, priests and kings were anointed in former times, Jesus is our prophet, priest and king, so the title was most appropriate. Speaking in Greek, the disciples used the word 'Christos' for 'anointed,' and the people of Antioch noticed, probably, how often they used this strange name. So they called the followers of Jesus 'Christ people.' Perhaps they meant it as a jest or jibe, but the name has become one which nations are proud to bear. 'If ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye' (I. Peter iv. 14).

C. E. Topic.

Sun., May 4.—Topic—Prayer a necessity. Matt. xxvi., 36-46.

Junior C. E. Topic.

CARE FOR OUR BODIES.

Mon., April 28.—Consecrated bodies. Dan. iii., 28.

Tues., April 29.—Holy bodies. Rom. viii., 12, 13.

Wed., April. 30.—Pure bodies. Heb. x., 22.

Thu., May 1.—Bodies full of light. Matt. vi., 22, 23.

Fri., May 2.—Anxiety for the body. Matt. vi., 25.

Sat., May 3.—Redeemed bodies. Rom. viii., 23.

Sun., May 4.—Topic—How Christ wants us to care for our bodies. Rom. xii., 1; I. Co., vi., 19, 20; ix., 24-27.

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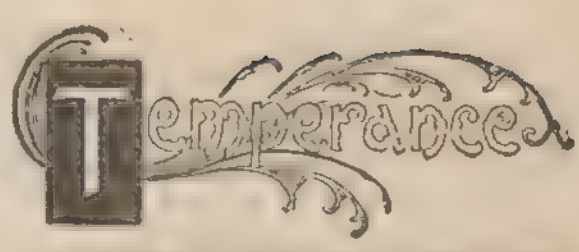

A Very Old Temperance Pledge.

On the blank leaf of an English Bible, which has been transmitted from father to son through many successive generations, and appears as the property of Robert Bolton, B.D., and preacher of God's Word at Broughton, Northamptonshire, is inscribed the following pledge:—

'From this day forwarde to the end of my life, I will never pledge any healthe or drink a carouse in a glass, cup, bowle, or other drinking instrument, whatsoever it be, from whomsoever it come; not to my own most gracious Kinge, nor any of the greatest monarch or tyrant upon earth; nor my dearest friende, nor all the goulde in the world shall ever enforce me. Not angel from heaven (who I know will not attempt it) shall persuade, nor Satan, with all his oulde subtilties, nor all the powers of hell itself, shall betray me. By this very sinne (for sinne it is, and not a little one), I doe plainly find that I have more offended and dishonored my glorious Maker and merciful Saviour, than by all other sinne I am subject untoe; and for this very sinne it is my God hath often been strange untoe me, and for that cause and noe other respect have I thus vowed, and I hereby beg my good Father in heaven of his great goodness and infinite mercy in Jesus Christ to assist me in the same, and be so favorable unto me for what is past. Amen.

R. BOLTON.

Broughton, 10th April, 1637.'

A Champion's Testimony.

A champion cyclist was asked: 'Do you ever take spirits of any kind? I mean whiskey or brandy.'

'No; they cut the breath short. You can't race and take brandy. It may help a little, but it leaves you worse. I believe that if five or six men were together in a race, say two miles from the tape, and one was handed a drink of brandy, it might let him break away and win easily; but if he had ten miles, or had a long race before him, he would find great difficulty in riding. His breath would be cut short. The man who drinks brandy or whiskey will soon be broken-winded.'

'So you don't believe in brandy?'

'No; it may help for a short spurt, but it is no good for a long run. Only a temperate man can be a good racer.'—'Temperance Record.'

A Short Decisive Alcoholic Summary.

(By Dr. Sir B. W. Richardson.)

1. That alcohol, habitually used, can of itself produce disease from which the abstainer is exempt.

2. That it will aggravate diseases to which all are liable.

3. That it renders those who habitually use it more open to attacks of various forms of illness.

4. That the alcoholist has a worse chance of recovery from a fever or an injury than the abstainer.

If these propositions are established the case stands thus: That there is always risk in the use of alcoholic liquors, but this risk is entirely absent in those who abstain.

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each and secure a nice Bagster Bible, suitable for Sabbath School or Day School. Bound in black pebbled cloth, with red edge, measures seven inches by five and three-quarter inches when open.

Jessie.

(By Sydney Dayre, in 'Presbyterian Review.')

'A visit to grandfather's. Jessie had never been there in her life, and it may be imagined with how much pleasure she had looked forward to it. There were aunts and uncles and cousins there—everything which goes to make up the delight of a visit in the country.

A very kind fuss was made over the little lassie and her mother on their arrival. Jessie liked everybody she saw, but more than all, her cousin George, a boy three or four years older than herself. There were no little girls except Kitty, almost a baby.

'But I don't care for that,' said Jessie to herself. 'I like to play with boys.'

Very soon, though, she began to wonder whether her cousin liked to play with girls. After his first greeting he stood off at one side, gazing curiously at her. Then he disappeared and Jessie saw little more of him that day.

In fact he kept on disappearing in a way that was very annoying. Jessie tried her best to keep trace of him, or to lead him into spending some of his time with her. She was soon obliged to conclude that he purposely kept out of her way.

One morning she was wandering about a grove near the house when from the further side she heard merry shouts and laughter. Hurrying that way she saw a little stream and in the steam a boy and a girl were wading. And the boy was her cousin George.

What a time they were having, sure enough. The little girl splashed George, and George splashed back until her curls were covered with shining drops. Then they turned to look for a little boat they had set sailing, and then they saw Jessie.

The little girl waded out of the water, picked up her shoes and ran away. George also left the water but stayed on the bank to put on his shoes and stockings. Jessie sat down beside him.

'Who's that little girl?' she asked.

'She belongs to the man that ploughs for grandfather,' said George. 'She's the jolliest sort of a little piece.'

'Why do you like to play with her and not with me.'

'O—who said I did?' said George.

'I know you do. You keep going away from me all the time. I think it's real—' Jessie burst into tears.

George by this time had on his shoes and looked as if he, too, wanted to run away. But Jessie held him.

'You must tell me,' she said. George looked a little frightened.

'You're not going to scream, are you?' he asked.

'No. Who said I screamed? Tell me,' she insisted.

'I will, if only you won't. Cousin Jack, that visited at your house, said so. He said you screamed whenever things didn't go as you wanted. And that if you were very, very angry you—kicked and threw yourself down.'

'Well,' said Jessie, a bright flush rising to her cheeks,' 'I think it was ever so mean for a boy to talk so about a girl.'

'I think so too,' said George penitent at having said so much. 'And I think it's mean for me to tell you.

you made me. I was afraid you'd scream if I didn't. And say, he added in strong desire to make things better if he could, 'he said you were a real nice little girl every other way. He said you had nice curls and blue eyes—and you have.'

Jessie was not comforted. With a half sob she turned towards the house. George gazed at her sideways as if still fearing an eruption of screams, then, setting his lips as if determined to brave everything, walked home with her.

The next morning Jessie stood on the piazza dressed in her white frock with blue ribbons. So sweet and dainty a little lassie that it would be difficult to imagine frowns and pouts in the place of the dimples on the pretty face. She was ready for an all-day frolic, a drive to a lake where she was to meet a party of young cousins.

'Disappointment, my little girl,' said Uncle Horace, coming round from the stables. 'One of the horses is lame and we can't go.' An angry color mounted to Jessie's cheeks.

'But I want to go,' she cried, in a high, sharp voice. 'I'm all ready. I want to go-o-o—'

Where would that sound have risen if she had not that moment caught sight of George. He was gazing at her as if uncertain whether to run away or to stay for the sad sight of a little girl in a passion. Cutting the ugly note short Jessie ran to her room and threw herself on the bed.

Cousin Alice came to her half an hour afterwards.

'Come out with me to the quince bushes, dear,' she said. 'I am going to pare some for preserving and want you and Kitty to help me.'

It was hard to put away the white muslin and ribbons, but Jessie did it and followed her, still with tear marks on her face. But she was soon smiling again as they picked the great yellowy-green balls from the tree. They looked so good and smelled so good that little Kitty took a bite and they laughed at the funny face she made.

'Tell us a story, please, cousin,' said Jessie.

'More than six months ago,' began her cousin, 'there was a number of knobs wrapped in soft bright green. These were caressed by several dear little fairies with loving and gentle touch. After a while they burst open and showed funny little round, roly-poly nubs. And, still caressed by the fairies, they grew and they grew, getting bigger and rolypolier every day. They still wore their green jackets, but when they were quite large—'

'How large, cousin?' asked Jessie.

'Oh, about as large as a ball of yarn, then one of the fairies put in her very best work on them. She put some gold into her paint pot and colored them, turning their coats to a beautiful greenish yellow.'

'What were the fairies called?'

'They were named Sunray and Raindrop and Zephyr and Dewdrop. All sent by the great and loving hand which deals out such bounties. And when the fairies had done their task there hung the beautiful handiwork—quinces ready to be taken down and made into rich sweetmeats for the enjoyment, among others, of a dear gentle little maiden who knows how to bear a great disappointment bravely and sweetly.'

'You don't mean me. Cousin Alice,' Jessie was beginning, when she heard a shout from George.

'Hello, hello, there! Run and get on your nice togs again, Jessie. The Dentons are waiting down at the gate and they have room for you and we're going.'

All that happy day Jessie kept a little song of rejoicing in her heart.

'O, I'm glad, glad I really did try to bear it well when it was so hard.'

'Say, Jessie,' said George, the next day when they were alone. 'I don't more than half believe what Jack said to me about you. I believe he was making up a lot of it.'

'No, he wasn't,' said Jessie, with a doleful shake of her head. 'But really I'm not going to be so any more.'

'I believe that,' said George. 'Come on down to the creek and let's wade.'

'I wonder,' said Jessie to herself, 'If I ought to let cousin Alice think I'm a nice, good, sweet-tempered little girl when I've been cross and ugly. Well, perhaps it'll be all right if I really, truly am that kind. And I'm going to be.'

Can Dogs Talk.

The fact that dogs have a way of communicating news to one another was demonstrated to me in a very singular and amusing fashion about two years ago.

It was in South Georgia, where as yet little provision is made for the comfort of domestic animals, where during cold, wind-swept nights, shelterless cows and mules wander about restlessly, where turkeys and chickens roosting on leafless trees fill the sharp air with their plaintive voices, where dogs and other domestic animals must seek their own night quarters as best they can. One of those bitter, cold nights, such as a cold wave often brings, I heard at our front door the unmistakable sounds of scratching and whining, and found upon opening two of my little neighborhood friends, a pug and a terrier, asking admission to all appearances. In face of the cruel cold it was granted them, and they were welcome to share the comfortable quarters of my own two dogs. In the morning they took their departure. But how great was my astonishment to see them return the following cold evening and accompanied by a large Irish setter who likewise wagged admission to the warm quarters he seemed to have knowledge of.

If there were any doubts as to whether these hospitable night lodgings were discussed among the shelterless dogs of the neighborhood, these doubts were removed on the third night when my tramps returned, their number increased by another pug and an old pointer. The mute but eloquent language of their wagging tails, the humble appeal in their sincere eyes, were certainly amusing.

With my own two pets and these five tramps I had now seven dogs stretched out comfortably before my dining-room grate. But, with their irreproachable behaviour and many ingratiating ways, they had insured for themselves a welcome at our house as long as the cold spell lasted, which was nearly a week. As soon as the cold subsided they returned no more.

Is not this good evidence of the power of communication among our speechless friends?—Mrs. B. T. Harper, in 'Our Dumb Animals.'

He Careth For You.

('Our Little Dots.')

O tiny birds in your little nest,
Out in the evening dew,
Sinking to sleep 'neath mother bird's breast
One there is watching your nightly rest:
He careth for you- for you.

The faintest twitter, or cry, or call,
Or song when the day is new,
He hears, and he understands it all;
He sees if but one of you should fall:
He careth for you—for you.

O little child in your soft white bed,
Safe sheltered by love so true,
Blessings and comforts are round you spread
By one who watches high over your head:
He careth for you—for you.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son, and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'

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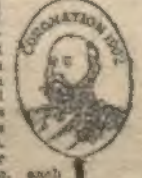

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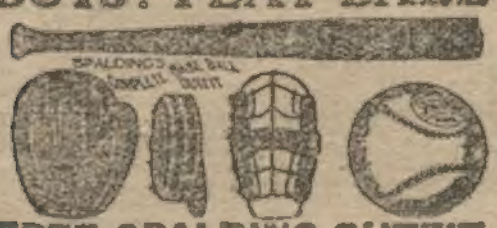

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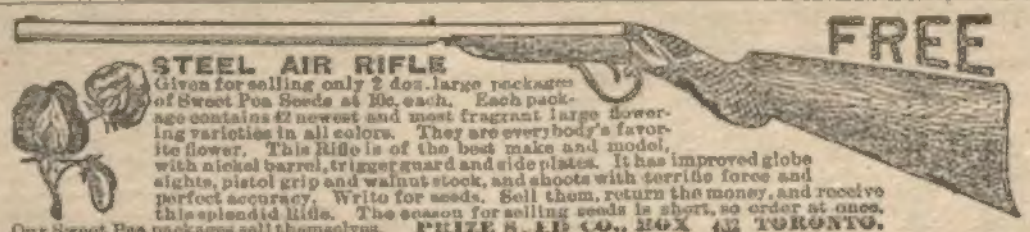
FREE **GOLD CASED**

Watch, elegantly engraved in Solid Gold designs, open face, stem wind and set, fitted with an excellent jewelled movement. This watch looks worth $50.00. We give it for selling at 15c. each only 2 doz. fashionable Hat Pins set with handsome Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. They look worth 60c. and sell like hot cakes. Write for Hat Pins. Sell them, return the money and receive this handsome watch, postpaid. **THE JEWELRY CO., BOX 429 TORONTO**

FREE **44-Piece China Tea Set** 12 Cups, 12 Saucers, 12 Tea Plates, 2 Cake Plates, 1 Tea Pot and Cover, 1 Sugar Bowl and Cover, 1 Creamer and 1 Slop Bowl. Beautiful white porcelain ware, newest pattern, elegantly decorated in pale green or terra cotta red. **A Regular $5.00 Set. Given absolutely free** for selling only 3 dz. large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 large flowering fragrant varieties in all colors. **Many agents sell all in a few minutes.** Write and we send Seeds. Sell them, return the money and we ship this **magnificent 44-Piece Tea Set,** carefully packed. Write to-day. **THE PRIZE SEED CO., BOX 456 TORONTO, ONT.**

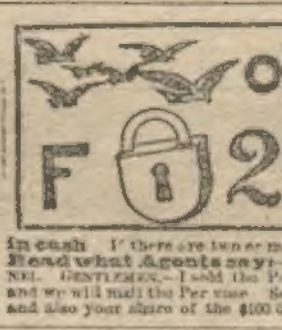


FREE

STEEL AIR RIFLE Given for selling only 2 doz. large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 newest and most fragrant large flowering varieties in all colors. They are everybody's favorite flower. This Rifle is of the best make and model, with nickel barrel, trigger guard and side plates. It has improved globe sights, pistol grip and walnut stock, and shoots with terrific force and perfect accuracy. Write for seeds. Sell them, return the money, and receive this splendid Rifle. The season for selling seeds is short, so order at once. Our Sweet Pea packages sell themselves. **PRIZE SEED CO., BOX 432 TORONTO.**

RIBBON REMNANT BARGAINS SPLENDID VALUES

These Ribbons are all from one to three yards in length, many of them of the very finest quality, in a variety of fashionable colors and different widths, suitable for Bonnet Strings, Neckwear, trimming for Hats and Dresses, Bows, Scarfs, etc., etc. You cannot buy such fine Ribbons as these at any store without paying many times what we ask. Our stock of Ribbons from which we make up these packages, consist of Crown Edge, Gros-Grain Moire, Picot Edge, Satin Edge, Silk Brocades, Striped Ottomans, and various other plain and fancy styles. All colors. No remnant less than one yard long. All first-class, useful goods. Carefully packed in boxes and sent, postpaid, at 25c. a box, or 3 boxes for 50c. **THE MAIL ORDER SUPPLY CO., Box 491 Toronto.**



$100.00 IN CASH, FREE

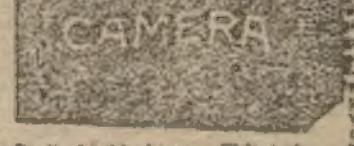
FOR CLEVER PEOPLE WITH BRAINS

This picture illustrates a well known saying. If you can make it out and will send us your answer you may win **$100.00 in cash. Not one cent is required for a guess.** This is a free contest and contains no elements of chance. **We positively guarantee to pay $100.00 in cash for correct answers.** All you have to do is to sell 1 doz. large beautiful packages of delightfully sweet perfumed Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. When doing this we will give you $1.20 worth of premiums, selected by you from our list of hundreds, and if your answer is the only correct one, **we will send you the $100.00 in cash.** If there are two or more correct answers the $100.00 will be divided equally. **Our Perfume sells itself. Read what Agents say.**—ARNPRIOR, ONT. I sold all the Perfume in 15 minutes. Miss Lizzy SARNIA TUNNEL. GENTLEMEN,—I sold the Perfume in less than half an hour. Yours respectfully, A. Steele. Send in your answer at once and we will mail the Perfume. Sell it at 10c. a package, return the $1.20 and we will send you $1.20 worth of premiums, and also your share of the $100.00 in cash. Answer to-day. **THE PRIZE CO., BOX 401 TORONTO.**

GLASSWARE FREE

37-PIECE CRYSTAL GLASS SET

1 Sugar Bowl and Cover, 1 Tall Jelly or Fruit Dish, 1 large Cake Plate, 1 Cream Pitcher, 6 Goblets, 1 Butter Dish and Cover, 1 Tall Berry Dish, 1 Preserve Dish, 6 Berry Dishes, 6 Tumblers, 1 Large Water Pitcher, 1 Pickle Dish, 1 Spoon Holder, 6 Individual Salts, 1 Celery Glass, all finest quality pressed glass, almost equal to cut glass. **Given away** for selling 15c. each only 2 doz. stylish Gold topped Hat Pins, set with handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Sapphires, etc. **They sell themselves.** J. A. R. WILLIAMSON, MIDDLE CREEK MAN., March 20th, says: "I received the Hat Pins at 6.15 and at 6.30 they were all sold. The Pins are good value and go like hot cakes." Write and we mail Hat Pins. Sell them, return $3.60 and we send this **handsome 37-Piece Crystal Glass Set,** carefully packed. Order Hat Pins to-day. **THE JEWELRY CO., BOX 467 TORONTO.**



Don't miss this chance. Write to-day.

FREE PHOTOGRAPHIC OUTFIT One Camera with good lens and shutter for both time and instantaneous exposures, 1 box 2x2 dry plates, 1 developing box, 1 printing frame, 2 developing trays, 1 pkg. hypo, 1 printing frame, 2 developing trays, 1 pkg. developer, 1 pkg. ruby paper, 1 pkg. silver paper, and full instructions, all given absolutely free for selling only 15 large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 most fragrant largest flowering varieties, all colors. **They go like wildfire.** GALESBURG, March 20th, 1902. DEAR SIRS: "I sold 54 packages in 3 hours. People were real glad to buy them."—HENRY BENSON. Write for Seeds. Sell them, return the money and we send Camera and complete outfit ready to work and complete photographs. **PRIZE SEED CO., BOX 464 TORONTO.**

Sample Picture.

We give this PEARL HANDLED FOUR-BLADED KNIFE for selling at 15c. only 4 fashionable Gold finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops, set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. Write for Hat Pins, sell them, return 60c., and receive this fine knife, postpaid.
FREE

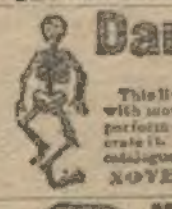
JEWELRY CO., BOX 448 Toronto

FREE **GOLD WATCH** Lady's or Gent's size, handsomely engraved double hunting case, 14k. gold finished, stem wind and set, with reliable jewelled movement given for selling only 4 doz. large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 new and most fragrant varieties in all colors. Write for Seeds, sell them, return the money and receive your handsome watch, postpaid. **The Prize Seed Co., Box 43 Toronto, Ont.**

MAGIC LANTERN with powerful adjustable lenses, showing 72 comic views of boys and girls, men and women, wild animals, etc. Given for selling only 1 doz. large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 new and most fragrant varieties in all colors. **Nothing sells like them.** Write for Seeds. Sell them, return the money, and receive this splendid Magic Lantern and outfit, all charges paid. You can make lots of money giving Magic Lantern shows. **PRIZE SEED CO., BOX 419 TORONTO, ONTARIO**

12 SATIN SQUARES 15c. All stamped with beautiful designs to be worked in Silk. Each square 3 x 3 inches, finest quality Satin, all colors. The latest idea for Sofa Cushions, Drapes etc., etc. **A great bargain.** Coupon good for 10c. free with each order. **JOHNSTON & CO., BOX 401 TORONTO.**

FREE SILK RIBBONS, All from one to three yards in length, many of them of the very finest quality, in a variety of fashionable colors and different widths, consisting of Crown Edge, Gros-Grain, Moire, Picot Edge, Satin Edge, Silk Brocades, Striped Ottoman, and various other plain and fancy styles, suitable for Neckwear, trimming for Hats and Dresses, Bows, Scarfs, etc., etc. Given for selling only 1 doz. large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c. each. **Its fragrance lasts for years. Nothing sells like it.** Write for Perfume. Sell it, return the money and we will send you a large box of beautiful Ribbons, all colors and widths, postpaid. **THE ROSE PERFUME CO., BOX 406 TORONTO**



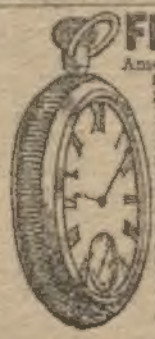
Dancing Skeleton

A WHOLE SHOW AT HOME.

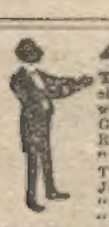
This lively and amusing skeleton is 14 inches high, with movable legs and arms; will dance to music and perform astonishing tricks. Any boy or girl can operate it. Sent with complete directions with our big catalogue for 10 cents silver or 3 for 25c. **THE NOVELTY CO., BOX 401 TORONTO**

McGinty Watch and Chain A most laughable novelty. The lid of the ring out. Looks like a handsomely engraved silver hunting case watch with a beautiful chain and fob, but when you press the spring the case flies open, and to the surprise of all beholders up pops McGinty with a grin on his Irish face, that causes roars of laughter. Don't be without one. Price, 15c. postpaid. The Novelty Co., Box 401, Toronto.

Combination Shirt Bosom Will fit any shirt, saves laundry bills. A new shirt every day in the week. We send them in assorted stylish patterns—pink, red, blue dots, stripes, full dress, etc. Every young man should have one. Get one and dazzle your friends. A big seller for Agents. Price 12 Cents, postpaid, with our new Catalogue. **Novelty Co., Box 401 Toronto**



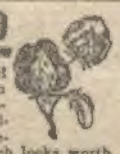
FREE We give this handsome polished nickel Watch American Lever Movement, for selling only 2 dozen large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 newest and most fragrant large flowering varieties of all colors. They are everybody's favorite flower. Write and we mail the seeds. Sell them, return money, and we send your neat reliable Watch, postpaid. **THE PRIZE SEED CO., BOX 401 TORONTO.**



40c SHEET MUSIC 10c

The latest hits. Regular 40c. sheet music clearly printed on good paper with colored titles. "Hello Central! Give me Heaven," "Everything at Reilly's must be done in Irish Style," "Alabama Camp Meeting," (March, Two-Step, Polka and Cake Walk). "I've Just Come Back to Say Good-Bye," "Sing again that Sweet Refrain," "Strike Up the Band, Here Comes a Sailor," "A Picture no Artist can Paint," "From Prison to Mother's Grave," "I've Waited Honey, Waited long for You," "My Old New Hampshire Home," "Pictures from Life's Other Side," "Twill Help the Maple Leaf to Live," Any piece 10c.: 3 for 25c. **JOHNSTON & CO., BOX 401 Toronto.**

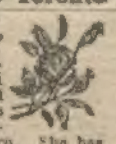
FREE GOLD CASED



Watch, elegantly engraved in Solid Gold designs, open face, stem wind and set, fitted with an excellent jewelled movement. This watch looks worth $50.00. We give it for selling only 3 doz. large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 of the largest flowering and most fragrant varieties in all colors. **Nothing sells like them.** Write for Seeds. Sell them, return the money and receive this handsome watch, postpaid. **Prize Seed Co., Box 429 Toronto**

FREE

Wonderful Walking Doll

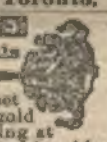


Beautifully dressed in satin, cut in the latest style, and nicely trimmed with lace. She has jointed neck and arms, golden ringlets, and when wound up walks as naturally as any living child. Given for selling only 20 large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope. Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c each. **Its fragrance lasts for years. Nothing sells like it.** Write for Perfume, sell it, return the money and we will send this beautiful doll, postpaid. **THE ROSE PERFUME CO., BOX 418 TORONTO.**

FEATHER BOA 99c. REGULAR PRICE $5.00.

Beautiful 52-inch black feather Boas. A rare bargain at three times our price. They are made of the well-known Coque Feathers, beautifully curled, giving them a warm, **charming, fluffy effect.** These Boas were imported this year direct from Paris. They are 52 inches long and reach to or below the belt, and are very **rich and full.** Nothing is more stylish than a nice feather Boa, and this is just their season. **This is the biggest bargain ever heard of.** If you want a **handsome, stylish, fashionable, elegant Feather Boa WORTH $5.00** for only 99c. **order to-day.** We have only a few left at this price. **MAIL ORDER SUPPLY CO., Box 401 Toronto.**

FREE



3 Beautiful Opals that glisten with all the gorgeous colors of the Rainbow, set in a nicely engraved gold Ring, given for selling at 15c. each, only 7 fashionable Gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. Write for Pins, sell them, return $1.05 and we send this handsome Opal Ring in a velvet box, postpaid. Jewelry Co., Box 440, Toronto.

FREE

Solid gold or silver composition curb chain bracelet given for selling only 1 doz. large packages of sweet pea seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 newest and most fragrant large flowering varieties in all colors. Write and we mail seeds. Sell them, return money, and receive this beautiful bracelet in a neat box, postpaid. **Prize Seed Co., Box 431 Toronto.**

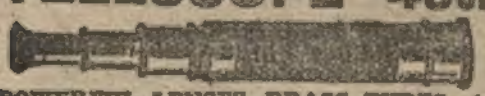
We give this PEARL HANDLED FOUR-BLADED KNIFE for selling only 6 large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at only 10c. each. Each package contains 42 fragrant varieties in all colors. Write for seeds, sell them, return 60c., and receive this beautiful knife postpaid. **THE PRIZE SEED CO., BOX 448 TORONTO, ONT.**

FREE

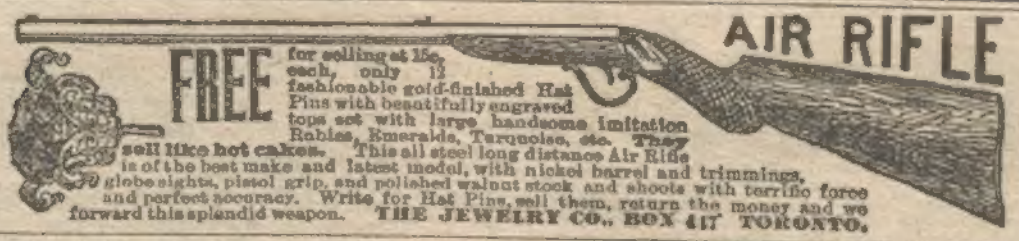
COSTLY RINGS FREE

Elegantly engraved 14k. Gold-filled Keeper Rings, beautiful 14k. Gold-filled Gem Rings set with brilliant sparkling imitation Diamonds, Rubies, Opals, Pearls, etc. **Your choice** for selling at 15c. only 3 stylish Gold topped Hat Pins set with superb Rubies, Emeralds, Sapphires, etc. They look worth 50c. and **sell like hot cakes.** Write for Hat Pins. Sell them, return $1.20 and we send your exquisite Ring in a velvet box, postpaid. **THE JEWELRY CO., TORONTO**

TELESCOPE 49c.



POWERFUL LENSES, BRASS TUBES, 4-DRAW. An extra fine Glass of remarkable power. Brings distant objects to view with astonishing clearness. **A wonderful instrument at a wonderful price.** Clearing out. Only a few left. Order to-day. **THE MAIL ORDER SUPPLY CO., BOX 401 TORONTO.**



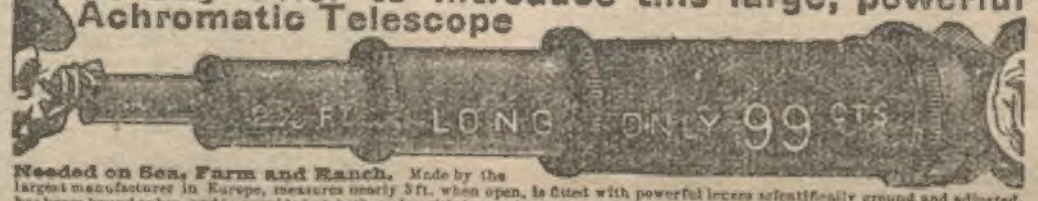
FREE AIR RIFLE

for selling at 15c. each, only 12 fashionable gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. They sell like hot cakes. This all steel long distance Air Rifle is of the best make and latest model, with nickel barrel and trimmings, globe sights, pistol grip, and polished walnut stock and shoots with terrific force and perfect accuracy. Write for Hat Pins, sell them, return the money and we forward this splendid weapon. **THE JEWELRY CO., BOX 417 TORONTO.**

RIBBON REMNANT BARGAINS SPLENDID VALUES

These Ribbons are all from one to three yards in length, many of them of the very finest quality, in a variety of fashionable colors and different widths, suitable for Bonnet Strings, Neckwear, trimmings for Hats and Dresses, Bows, Scarfs, etc., etc. You cannot buy such fine Ribbons as these at any store without paying many times what we ask. Our stock of Ribbons from which we make up these packages consists of Crown Edge, Gros-Grain Moire, Pleat Edge, Satin Edge, Silk Brocades, Striped Ottoman, and various other plain and fancy styles. All colors. No remnant less than one yard long. All first-class useful goods. Carefully packed in boxes and sent, postpaid, at 35c. a box, or 3 boxes for $1. **MAIL ORDER SUPPLY CO., BOX 401 Toronto.**

Face to Face with the Man in the Moon. Special 60 Day Offer to introduce this large, powerful Achromatic Telescope

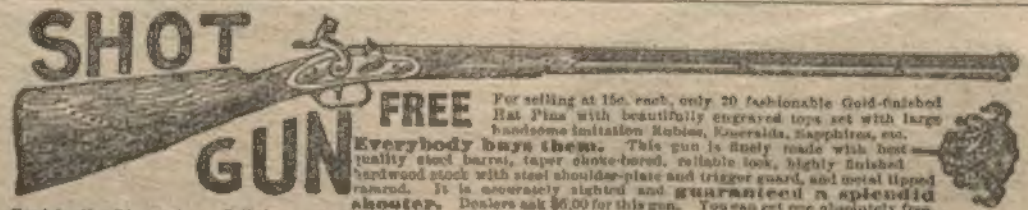


Needed on Sea, Farm and Ranch. Made by the largest manufacturer in Europe, measures nearly 3 ft. when open, is fitted with powerful lenses scientifically ground and adjusted, has brass bound tube, and is provided at both ends with brass dust caps. It brings to view objects miles away with astonishing clearness. Read what Customers say:—HUNTSVILLE, ONT., Nov. 4th, 1901. "I received the 99c. Telescope all right. It is a dandy. I would not take three times what I paid for it, if I could not get another one like it." ALTA FROOM, MONCTON, N.B., Jan. 29th, 1902. "I am very much pleased with the Telescope." DANIEL H. MATTHEWS, CHILLIWACK, B.C., March 3rd, 1902. "It brings objects miles away very near to me." BEATTIE GIBSON. Telescopes of this size have formerly sold at from $5.00 to $10.00. **Special Introductory Price, only 99c. postpaid.** A grand bargain. Don't miss it. The Mail Order Supply Co., **401** Toronto.

CHOICE SILK REMNANTS 600 INCHES 15c

Delighted customers by hundreds testify to their marvellous cheapness. All of **our pieces come from silk tie factories,** where, as you know, only the best silks are used. These silks cost from **$2.00 to $5.00 a yard.** They are **all of good size for fancy work,** and are of **priceless value** for making Crazy Quilts, Drapes, Sofa Pillows, Tidies, Piano Throws, etc. The variety of colors and designs is almost endless. They are of **every conceivable pattern**; plaids, polka dots, stripes, checks, etc., etc., **all of the handsomest and brightest colors.** Of the many dozens contained in each package **no two pieces are alike.** Having purchased the entire output of Remnants from all the Canadian tie factories, we are at present offering the Lady readers of this paper **the greatest bargain in choice rich silk remnants ever heard of. WE POSITIVELY GUARANTEE ABSOLUTE SATISFACTION. Each package contains over 600 square inches.** Price, postpaid, 1 package, 15c.; 2—25c.; 3—35c.; 5—50c. Mail Order Supply Co., Box **401** Toronto.

SHOT GUN FREE



For selling at 15c. each, only 20 fashionable Gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Sapphires, etc.

Everybody buys them. This gun is finely made with best quality steel barrel, taper choke-bored, reliable lock, highly finished hardwood stock with steel shoulder-plate and trigger guard, and metal tipped ramrod. It is accurately sighted and **guaranteed a splendid shooter.** Dealers ask $6.00 for this gun. You can get one absolutely free.

Send for Hat Pins to-day. Sell them, return $3.00, and we will send you this splendid Gun. **Jewelry Co.,** Box **485** Toronto

FREE FREE BICYCLE FREE

Lady's or Gent's. Don't pay a cent for a good safety bicycle. **We are giving them away absolutely free** for selling at 15c. each, only 4 doz. beautiful full length Hat Pins with exquisitely designed Gold-finished Tops set with large brilliant imitation Emeralds, Sapphires, Rubies, etc. They look well worth 50c. and **go like wildfire** at our special price of 15c. **Our Bicycles are a marvel of strength, beauty and cheapness. The biggest dealer in the country could not furnish you with their equal at less than $20.00.** They have seamless steel tube enamelled frames, excellent Pneumatic tires, comfortable saddles, new shape handle bars and genuine faultless ball bearings throughout. **Every Bicycle we send out is fully guaranteed. Here is the chance of a lifetime. Don't miss it.** Write at once and we will send Hat Pins. Sell them, return the money and we will ship you a splendid Lady's or Gent's Bicycle same day money is received. All we ask is that you will tell your friends how you got it. **THE AGENTS TRADING CO., BOX 490 TORONTO, ONTARIO**

FREE 44 PIECE CHINA TEA SET

12 CUPS, 14 SAUCERS, 12 TEA PLATES, 2 CAKE PLATES, 1 TEA POT AND COVER, 1 SUGAR BOWL AND COVER, 1 CREAMER AND 1 SLOP BOWL. Beautiful white porcelain ware, newest pattern, elegantly decorated in pale green or terra cotta red. A REGULAR $5.00 SET. GIVEN ABSOLUTELY FREE for selling at 15c. each only 2 doz. fashionable gold finished Hat Pins, elegantly designed and set with superb imitation Rubies, Emeralds Turquoise, Sapphires, etc. These pins sell regularly in the big Toronto stores at 25c. At our price, 10c. **THEY GO LIKE WILD-FIRE.** Write and we send Hat Pins. Sell them, return the money and we ship this MAGNIFICENT 44 PIECE TEA SET, carefully packed. Write to-day. THE AGENTS TRADING CO., Box **485** TORONTO.

FREE CRAPHOPHONE

Given for selling at 15c. each, only 2 doz. fashionable Gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Sapphires, etc. **They sell like hot cakes.** This wonderful instrument is made by the famous Columbia Phonograph Co., of New York and Paris. With it we send five Selections as follows: Speech; "Song of sixpence"; "The Mocking Bird"; Imitations of Robins, Tree Toads, Turkeys, Chickens, Ostriches, etc.; and Cornet Solo, "Dixie Land." Write for Pins. Sell them, return the money and we send this splendid Graphophone and Outfit, with complete instructions. **Jewelry Co., Box 410 Toronto.**

FREE 14K. GOLD-PLATED WATCH

elegantly engraved, stem wind and set, open face with fancy embossed bezel, genuine high grade American movement, lever escapement, **fully guaranteed.** Given for selling at 15c. each only 20 stylish Gold topped Hat Pins set with glittering imitation Rubies, Sapphires, Emeralds, etc. They are worth 50c. and **sell like hot cakes.** Write for Hat Pins. Sell them, return the money, and we send this handsome Watch, postpaid. **The Jewelry Co., Box 463 Toronto.**

X-RAY

The greatest wonder of 20th Century. By looking through this little instrument you apparently see the bones in your hand, the lead in a pencil, the hole in a pipe stem, etc., etc. Price 10c. each, or 3 for 25c., postpaid. **THE NOVELTY CO., BOX 401 TORONTO, ONT.**

FREE STEAM ENGINE

With iron stand, brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and fly wheel, and Russian iron burner compartment, given for selling only 4 doz. large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 new and most fragrant varieties in all colors. **Nothing sells like them.** Write for Seeds. Sell them, return 60c. and we send this real Steam Engine with Spirit Lamp, Funnel, etc., postpaid. **THE PRIZE SEED CO., BOX 445 TORONTO**

BOY'S PRINTER

A complete printing office, three alphabets of rubber type, bottle of best indelible ink, type holder, self-inking pad, and type tweezers. You can print 500 cards, envelopes, or tags in an hour and make money. Price, with instructions, Post-paid. The Novelty Co., Box 401, Toronto.

151 SONGS 10c.

Words and Music Complete, the choicest gems and latest hits. A Wreath of Roses, Anvil Chorus, Dream On, The Man in the Moon, Work Niggers Work, Old Zip Coon, and 145 other Scotch, Irish, English, coon, comic and pathetic. A grand collection, one volume attractively bound. Price 10c. **The Novelty Co.** Box **401** Toronto

SOLID GOLD WATCH

Given for selling 4 doz. stylish Gold Topped Handsome Gem Set Hat Pins at only 15c. each. Miss M. EARTON 102 Mackay St., MONTREAL, says:—"My most wonderful experience was that everyone I spoke to bought right away." Write and we mail Hat Pins. Sell them, return the money and we will send you this **Solid Gold Watch,** elegantly engraved, open face, stem wind and set, fitted with with a genuine **jewelled movement fully guaranteed. JEWELRY CO., BOX 468 TORONTO.**